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# HAPPINESS AND GOODWILL

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J. W. MACMILLAN



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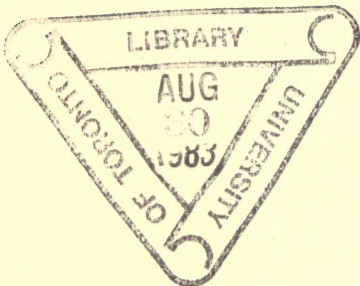
AND OTHER ESSAYS  
ON CHRISTIAN LIVING

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## **HAPPINESS AND GOODWILL**





# HAPPINESS AND GOODWILL

## CHAPTER I

### THE FIRST CITIZENS OF THE KINGDOM

The kingdom is made up of its citizens, but it is more than the sum of them. It is a community, and has its own life. It is futile to attempt to say which is the controlling factor, the citizen or the kingdom. Neither can exist without the other. Each makes the other. For, if it is impossible to have a good social order without good individuals within it, no more is it possible to have good individuals without their being encompassed and influenced by a good social order. Goodness immediately seeks, or, failing to find, immediately constructs its own habitat. The controversy about the individual and the kingdom is the result of

failure to discern that a follower of Jesus must be socially-minded. The individualism of the nineteenth century forgot this, and accordingly was disposed to doubt whether the kingdom really meant anything more than the rule of God in a man's private life. As if the rule of God would not find a public vent! As if it had been possible for Jesus to have lived the life of a hermit!

The vital interdependence of the individual and the social order may be illustrated from the career of the Roman Republic. The Romans were a people who, from having been the inhabitants of one little city, not readily distinguishable from its neighbors, came to dominate the world. What strange and titanic driving-force did they possess, by means of which they attained the primacy in Italy, overthrew the might of wealthy Carthage, and rolled back in disorder the hitherto invincible phalanxes of Macedonia? Some will answer that it lay in the heroic mould of individual character which prevailed among them; that it was the sturdy patience of Fabius, the self-sacrificing courage of Regulus, the resolute energy of Scipio. Others will answer that

it lay in the superior discipline to which they were subjected by their social organization; that it inhered in the *patria potestas*, with its development of the traits of obedience and loyalty in the home, which was carried over into the tribal and national confederation of the families. But it is apparent that each of these answers is but part of the truth. Indeed, they are really but one answer, which seems to be two because it is given from different viewpoints. It is the old question, "Which comes first, the egg or the bird?" Who made the Roman family? The Roman father. Who made the Roman father? The Roman family.

The materials for the study of social psychology are found precisely where the materials for the study of individual psychology are found. Industry, intelligence, pride, love, hatred—all the familiar characteristics of the individual are no more fundamental than custom, public opinion, ceremony, belief, law, tradition—the equally familiar characteristics of human society. "The strength of the pack is the wolf and the strength of the wolf is the pack."

If there were but one disciple of Jesus on earth there could be no kingdom. As soon, however, as there were two disciples the kingdom had appeared. The comradeship between them would immediately initiate a new kind of force, operating powerfully to determine what manner of persons they should become. Their class-consciousness, as it were, would be born and set itself in conflict with the world. These two would begin to grow like unto each other, their private peculiarities being pared down or lopped off by the social forces now set going. The advantages of mutual counsel, encouragement, caution, warning, and a division of labor would begin to appear. Agreement in belief would make the beginnings of a creed. Mutual arrangement of tasks would initiate the organization of a church. Memory of previous successes or failures would begin the formation of a tradition. In this simple Christian friendship, had it existed in such an elementary form, we should find the embryonic kingdom, which in time should rule the earth.

These two pioneers of the rudimentary kingdom would thus be profoundly affected

by their companionship. None the less would their companionship depend on what sort of persons they were. It would turn to prayer and service, to self-denial and enthusiastic labors for the good of mankind, because they were the followers of Jesus. The tone and color of their group-consciousness would be determined by their individual characteristics. Every ship will develop customs and traditions, but the customs and traditions of a pirate-ship will differ from those of a battle cruiser. The reason is that pirates man the one and loyal men the other. In the interaction of the two elements, individual and social, no one can say which counts for more, because no one can separate the two influences in order to observe them. But it is plain to everyone that each of these, the force of individual character and the force of association, is a free and independent force in the partnership they have formed. If the community moulds and adapts its members, so do the members shape and control the community. This is never to be forgotten. "There is no political alchemy," said Herbert Spencer, "by which



you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."

All teachings must be addressed to individuals. Only individuals have ears to hear and minds to judge. Society is often called an organism, but such a term can be used only in a secondary and derivative sense. Society is not an organism in the first simple meaning of the word. It is not like a human being, or a plant. It has not the same unity of structure. It has not the one equipment of organs, functioning for the whole. We may speak correctly enough of the 'social mind' and the 'social will' if we remember that there is an unbridgeable difference between mind or will in a person and in a community. Society can think or decide only through its members. It has no more a thinking or deciding organ of its own, distinguishable from those of its members, than the whole Roman people had a single neck, as Nero is said to have wished. The social mind comes from the uniting and focussing of individual minds in such a way that certain products and consequences follow which could not have followed from any single person's mental activity. Society has

no consciousness. There is no way of reaching it save through its members. Thus all Jesus said was addressed to individuals. From the first hours of the existence of the kingdom each disciple is the object of the most particular attention.

So society never destroys the individual any more than a wall demolishes the bricks of which it is composed or a tree can get rid of its roots and branches. The individual discipline in the kingdom is of incalculable importance from its earliest hours, when it consisted of a youthful rabbi with a few disciples, through all the ages of its expansion and growth unto its consummation in universal triumph. The kingdom lives only in the individual life; can listen, speak, act, suffer, grow, conquer only through him. The social gospel can never devour the individual gospel.

Not only so, but the individual is of increasing importance as the kingdom develops. Social progress is not only progressive socialization but progressive individualization. The individual does not wither as "the world grows more and more." He becomes more of an individual. Variety

and particularity increase. The multitude becomes more multifarious. Man in his lowest stage is scarcely distinguishable from his associates. A horde of men is like a shoal of fish, or a herd of deer. But association puts a premium on dissimilarity. Progress comes through variation. It is as man transcends the animal that the peculiarly human characteristics are developed. There is infinitely more variety in civilization than in barbarism. As any group of human beings rises in the scale its organization becomes rapidly more intricate, complex and subtle. As the standard rises so does the diversification. If it takes all sorts of people to make a world, it also takes a world to make all sorts of people.

The army that Caesar led was a simple structure compared with the armies of the present day. Its artillery consisted of catapults. Its transportation was walking. There were no engineers' corps, but any body of troops might be detailed to build a bridge or a wall. There were no medical services, no flying corps, no recreational auxiliaries. A few distinctions in uniform and badges served to mark one corps from

another. Whereas today a civilian is bewildered by the variety of costumes, accoutrements, badges and insignia in a body of troops, every item of which has its own significance. Specialization of service has kept pace with increased efficiency of weapons.

So has it been in industry. In the era before the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century there was trading and manufacturing in the world. Ships set their sails for long voyages to America or India. The cottager spun his yarn and wove his cloth in his lowly home. Caravans wound through mountain passes or across the deserts. Skilled journeymen congregated in noblemen's castles or in the new cities which were springing up. Gold was hidden in the merchant's strong-box or left with the goldsmith. How different the world's industry now! Transportation, production, distribution, credit—what stupendous organizations, specialized to the utmost refinement, are these! For one human type in the earlier period there are a hundred types now. Individualization has kept pace with socialization.

So must it be in the kingdom of God.

All human progress combines these two elements, increase of mass and increase of variety. The larger the bulk, the more kinds of structure; the greater the power the more division of authority. Augmentation and specialization go on together. We build bigger machines than our fathers did, and they are more intricate machines. Likewise the number and variety of human types increases with every forward movement of man. Every victory of the human spirit distinguishes more clearly between man and man. The world is more and the individual is more.

Still further, personality and individuality—strength of character and specialization of character—wax or wane together. The functioning of character is the exhibition of individuality. A man declares himself in activity, not in repose. People are alike when passive. They show unlikeness as they become active. Alike when asleep, unlike when awake; alike in listening, unlike in speaking; alike in standing, unlike in walking, still more unlike in running. The more any one employs himself the less he



resembles others. As repose gradually changes into strenuous action, dissimilarity increases.

And increase of personality means increase of individuality. The artisan's work—a brick wall or a coat of paint—tells almost nothing about the bricklayer or the painter. But the artist's work—the plan of a cathedral or a portrait in oils—is the revelation and monument of his power. Little men look like each other. The sages and heroes are vastly dissimilar. A file of generals would not look like a file of glorified private soldiers. Alexander and Napoleon were unlike. Dante and Milton were unlike. Confucius and Buddha were unlike. And each man, as he grows to the fulness of himself, ripens qualities which are peculiarly his own.

It is just this fact which fits the individual gospel and the social gospel to each other, and justifies the founder of so elaborate a society in providing an education for its citizens. Society is organized by the division of labor. Co-operation is the working together of parts which assist each other through their unlikeness. A watch could never be

made of a number of identical parts; a heap of dials or cases or wheels is not a watch. The family, which is the most persistent social group, is a unity because of the essential differences in sex and age of its members. "For the body is not one member, but many. . . . Now are ye the body of Christ and severally members thereof."

We observe then, at the time of the launching of the project of the kingdom, the purpose of Jesus to develop each one of his chosen band of disciples into a personality of a type rarer and stronger than any other among men. He sedulously prepared the material for the structure he was to erect. No lack of clear spiritual vision, no infirmity or perversion of will could be tolerated in the audacious band who were "to take the gates of empires off their hinges and turn aside the stream of history."

Bouck White in "The Carpenter" calls the kingdom which Jesus sought to establish the Kingdom of Self Respect. There is insight in this title. It did mean the fortification of personality in each of his followers. It meant that each disciple should attain a lofty spiritual stature and a vigor-

ous spiritual energy. It meant that his powers should be educated, so that he might both possess and use them to advantage. It meant that he should be able to look any man calmly and kindly in the eye, without either fear or scorn, basing his self-confidence and sympathy, not on birth or rank or wealth or power, but on his esteem of himself and others as children of the Father. Compared with this royal inheritance, the accidents of fortune and the baubles of possession are cheap and tawdry.

Jesus reserved nothing in his sacrifice of himself. No one ever laid so much on the altar, or so well knew its worth. He knew the cost of man's salvation and knew that he could pay it. Sin exacted an enormous price but he felt himself able to satisfy its rapacity. He was like the merchantman of his own parable who bought a pearl, paying a fortune for it.

He sanctified himself, as he said. He treated himself as of supreme worth. He stripped himself of everything adventitious. He restrained himself from all employments but the one of supreme importance. He concentrated and consecrated his powers to one

magnificent purpose. He separated himself from his family, from his trade, from all the comforts and pleasures of life, in the intense and thorough dedication of himself to his work.

No one who holds himself cheap can behave royally. Out of self-respect comes magnanimity. The humility that labors in self-denial contains every element of pride except its scorn. No hero crawls to great deeds. Nature's noblemen, wherever they have gone, to glory or to death, have walked erect.

## CHAPTER II

### HAPPINESS A BY-PRODUCT

Blessed means happy. It can mean nothing else. Man has but one set of emotions. The index of his sensation of pleasure is either at zero, or above or below zero. To distinguish happiness from blessedness is like reading a thermometer sometimes in English, sometimes in French; or sometimes in Fahrenheit degrees and sometimes in Centigrade. It is the same heat. It is a mistake to import a flavor of solemnity and churchiness into this word. It is a mistake to think of it as a Sunday word. It is a week-day word; one of the natural, wholesome, human words which belong to life as it is lived in all the various experiences of the whole human race. It is a word for babies and emperors, for men at play and men at prayer, for nursemaids and movie goddesses, for any human being which in any way seeks the satisfaction of desire.

The beatitudes are Jesus' answer to the world-old question "Who is the happy man?" or to give it the personal twist invariably given by each questioner "How may I become happy?" It has always been a clamant and insistent question. For the majority of mankind it has been the question of questions, to the answering of which their lives, so far as those lives were purposive, were devoted. The metaphysical attempts at solution have been numerous in every age. Never more numerous than in the age in which Jesus lived. Varro enumerates two hundred and eighty different answers. Lucian gives a long list and proceeds to refute them all. But Jesus is not arguing philosophy with philosophers. He is discussing the issues of life with men whose business is not thinking but living. Doubtless some diluted ideas of the thinkers had trickled through into the minds of the Galilean people but, almost altogether, their ideas were complexes of the customs, traditions and beliefs into which they had been born, and of their admirations and imitations of what was glorious and dazzling about them.



Then, as now, power, ostentation, and wealth seemed supremely desirable. The force of Roman arms, and the luxury of a civilization to which Greece and the Orient had both contributed were before the eyes of all in Galilee. They saw men become suddenly rich, generally through speculation or extortion. They saw other men, with their wives and families, sold into slavery for debt. Only the rich and the strong, the self-assertive and domineering, seemed to achieve the good things of life.

Then, as now, also, men had the uneasy suspicion that there was much unhappiness in palaces. Jewels and chariots, prestige and authority apparently failed to fill with joy the souls of those who possessed them. But the explanation was that the fault lay in the natures of these fortunate ones. They at least had the raw materials of happiness in their hands. They possessed the conditions of happiness and if they failed to be happy it was their own fault. Each hapless aspirant cherished the opinion that if his luck should change he would make a better use of the best gifts of life.

The beatitudes challenge and expose this

conception of life. There is a satirical note in them, a high disdain of its blindness and folly. Riches! power! arrogance! forsooth, these are not the means to happiness, but sure ways of missing it. They do not procure joy, but prevent it. If one must seek happiness, let him take the opposite turning. Instead of riches let him seek poverty. Instead of the seats of the mighty let him seek a humble place. Let him not aim to be a ruler, but a servant.

But the beatitudes go further. They do not stop with the denial of the prevailing ambitions of mankind. They do not redirect the ambition but condemn it. The recluse and the pariah are censured as well as the warrior and the fortune-seeker. Not only is the current and worldly form of seeking for happiness mistaken but every kind of seeking leads equally to disaster. Happiness is not to be sought at all. It cannot be found by seeking. Happiness is a by-product. It eludes the pleasure-seeker. It comes only indirectly. It enters life by the side door. You must seek something bigger and better than enjoyment—then enjoyment will come unbidden.



There is subtle derision in these beatitudes. Their repudiation of the current maxims regarding happiness is more than relentless. It is scornful. Each of these supposed talismans of bliss is lifted up in turn and cast as worthless upon the ground. What the disciples heard was a succession of rejections. Riches, laughter, power, ambition, truculence, sensuality and military prowess—are in turn ignominiously rejected in favor of the very qualities which were commonly supposed to be their ignominious opposites. It is the action of an expert jeweller to whom has been brought a collection of highly-priced jewels each of which, after a moment's examination, he throws contemptuously into the fire.

Is he not right? Is his judgment not according to human experience? Is it not true that happiness cannot be forced? There is a story told of a severely conscientious farmer in the west who read in a newspaper that laughter at meals promoted digestion. At the next family meal he announced his discovery to his children with the injunction "laugh, confound you, laugh!" We laugh, but the children did not

laugh. He seemed to them only to have invented a new kind of terror. But let us suppose that the man was not quite so direct in his mirth-provoking efforts. He might have studied the mechanics of cachination and painstakingly instructed his bewildered youngsters as to how they should laugh. They were to operate the pectoral and facial muscles in such a way, he would inform them, and thus effect the benign result. Or, again, he might have studied the subtleties and peculiarities of children's humor and attempted with Prussian efficiency to elicit their smiles. Such a man would be a fit patient for an insane asylum. What he needed was to make a new kind of father of himself, and the children would run with smiles to meet him. Just a roguish chuckle then, a cheery word, a gay inflection, a twinkle of an eyelid would start their laughter.

How many men have sought happiness in wealth and, failing to grow rich, have cursed their luck! How many have succeeded in becoming rich only to find themselves disillusioned!

“Blessed are the poor in spirit!” There is nothing more destructive of happiness than self-assertion. The world is always saying “Look out for yourself. Don’t let anyone impose on you.” We know the pushing type of character which seems to be continually shouting “Look at me! Listen to me! Let me do that! I’ll show you! Let me have that thing!” By no possibility can anyone be happy till he gets rid of that temper. It is a perfect preventive and antidote to joy. With it is no contentment, no peace of mind, no smiling of the soul. With it goes the touchy temper, the swaggering ambition which provokes opposition, the pride that brings destruction either violently from without or traitorously from within.

The poor in spirit are the heroic souls who have slain their own selfish ambitions. Not happiness, but service, has been their quest. Happiness is impossible to any others. The poor in spirit have at least a chance to be happy. There is the good ground where the seed may germinate, and spring up, and bear harvest.

“If happiness have not her seat,  
And centre in the breast,  
You may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.”

“Blessed are the peacemakers!” Can a war-maker be happy? Was Caesar happy? or Herod? or Napoleon? or the Kaiser? We can test it in home life. Is the contentious type of man happy? Are those who wage in petty domestic spheres their petty wars—the meddlesome, prying, nagging disturbers of home contentment—are they happy amid the unhappiness they create?

A war-maker has as little chance of happiness as a boiler-maker at his trade has of silence. The din of strife, the yells of triumph, the cries of fear, “the tumult of the warrior, confused noise and garments rolled in blood” are the insignia of rage and strife. Even his restless and disordered soul finds relief in the anticipation of the war being over and peace restored. His triumph is not in war, but in victory, and victory means peace. So even to the war-maker the only justifiable war is a peace-making war.

Indeed peace can be made in no other fashion. Peace is never the easy fruit of

languorous effort. The earth is full of conflict. Man has always been a fighter and has won his supreme rank among the creatures of earth by his superior fierceness. Every peace that ever existed was made on a battle-field, whether in the grapple of armed nations, or in the struggle of great social forces operating in adventure or trade, or in the bitter debate and controversy of the powers of the lonely soul of man. To the heroes of such conflicts happiness may come. Satisfaction in noble work well done is theirs.

“Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.” We are a race that hungers and thirsts. A volume and intensity of desire is one of the foremost traits of human nature. Eager in wanting and passionate in taking are the sons of men. The great men have all possessed tumultuous energy of desire. This is the greatest common denominator of genius. They have asked and sought and knocked until they got what they wanted. John Knox and Napoleon, Cromwell and Attila have been alike in their supreme vitality. Both God and the devil build on that basic quality of character. But the traditions of the race would turn this

passion toward riches and power and fame.

Is there a man whose restless and eager spirit would vent itself in audacious and tireless activity? Is there a man who would scorn delights to live laborious days? Is there a man who chooses as his life motto "Be bold!"? Then there is an adventure for him.

"As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

Let him hunger and thirst after righteousness. Let him unloose the clamor of his wants and turn the artillery of his energies upon the moral reconstruction of the world. There is a task worthy of his powers, however great they be. There is an undertaking where he will get all he craves of toil and opposition and danger. Let him set about remaking himself, bringing every wild passion to heel, disciplining his thinking powers, overcoming all the wiles and lures of the flesh and the world. Let him carry the war into the community. Let him become the champion of the poor and distressed. Let him mock tyrants. Let him defy mobs. Let him run a furrow through sacred and op-



pressive customs. Such a vocation will give him the thrills he covets. He will be busy, interested, a participant in the intimate and violent activities of mankind. He will not eat his heart out in obscurity, nor see the prize he grasps at turn to ashes in his hand. Let him hunger and thirst as much as he will. The pursuit of righteousness will give him his fill.

It was said of Alexander Hamilton that religion for such as he is only an emotional incident. True enough if religion be only the gratification of the religious emotions. In that sense the same is true of Jesus. The synagogue meant little to him. The Sabbath was not for him the one holy day in seven. All the world was his synagogue and every day a Sabbath. His task absorbed him. All the powers of his body and soul were devoted to establishing the kingdom of God. Can Alexander Hamilton or any other man say of Jesus of Nazareth that he was engaged in a comparatively unimportant task whose quality was that of an emotional incident?

Jesus does not disparage happiness, but the seeking of happiness. Indeed in the staccato repetition of the word "Blessed" he



exalted happiness. He admitted its normality. He owned its rank and value in human life even as he deprecated the pursuit of it as an object in life. It is natural and right that men should be happy. Pain is pathological. It is a symptom of disease, either in the sufferer or in his lot.

There is derision in the beatitudes, but no irony. He is not subtly praising grief by calling it joy. He was never a friend to pain, but went about all his life relieving it. He never sought it for himself. There was not the slightest tinge of asceticism in his wholesome human life.

Now, suffering has an allurements of its own. Mankind loves to play with the thought of it. Memory cherishes hardship, and the sting of modulated pain is transmuted into pleasure by the forecast of having a rich experience to meditate upon and tell about. It is essential to romance, for the triumph of the fifth act is built upon the peril and affliction of the four acts preceding. Even tragedy, whether in written drama or in a murder next door, has its own horrible fascination. All the great religions have had their ascetic aberrations. The dev-

otee loves the tingling of moderated torment. Sometimes it goes no farther than the mental suggestion, sometimes it takes milder physical forms as when a child tries how near he can hold his bare toe to the nursery fire, or the devotee practises fasting and flagellation, and it has attained at times to the pitch of agony and suicide. Men and women have gone rapturously to martyrdom in the suttee or the gladiatorial arena.

The repeated emphasis of Jesus warns against this perversion. There is much false teaching of this sort in current religious preaching and literature, which is peculiarly fascinating to the young. The writer remembers a lecture given at a summer school upon "Pain the Engine of God" which produced an extraordinary impression upon the audience of adolescents who heard it. They were told that the one divine instrument for making character was suffering, and clever literary pictures were shown them of Moses, Paul and Jesus made perfect through suffering. Their warm imaginations responded to the specious suggestions and they saw themselves as glorified by sorrow. If they had had more experience of the woe of the

world they had not been so easily misled. But being young and light-hearted, with heads full of fancies and dreams, they responded to the flattery as some young fellow about town shivers with pleasure when a young lady asks him "What makes you so cynical?" It is sentimentality that betrays them. To realize pain is to understand it better.

Pain is not God's chosen engine, but his deadly enemy. There is no pain in heaven, where God has his own way, and when his will is done on earth as it is in heaven there will be no more sorrow, nor sighing, and the tears will be wiped from every eye.

Pain is a by-product too. It is not to be sought, nor fled from, for its own sake. In the appropriate circumstances it will come, and then presents itself as a new problem. It may, indeed, be used for good; enslaved, as it were, under the divine master. But the kingdom of God means the abolition and not the enthronement of pain.

## CHAPTER III

### THE POSTULATES OF GOOD LIVING

Back of all physical activity lies the physique. A man's bodily skill and prowess in athletics or labor is strictly limited by the completeness, soundness and capacity of his physical organism. A body which is ill or exhausted or has suffered mutilation may be entirely shut out from certain activities and will be handicapped in all. The body is the physical machine. Unless it is in good order it will not work to advantage.

It is so with moral activities. Back of all noble and heroic effort lie certain conditions not moral in themselves, upon which success in good living depends. To fulfil these conditions is not indeed to make success certain, but to make success possible. To have them is not to assure victory, but to have them not is to assure defeat. To disregard them, or underestimate them, is to cripple oneself, to launch oneself upon a career of blundering,

ineffectiveness and vexation. These conditions are laws or facts of human nature. They are inexorable in their nature. The intelligent soldier of the kingdom will not invite defeat by neglecting them.

In the process of social development we have seen that individualization and socialization increase at the same time. The man becomes more of a man as society becomes more of a society. Variety and co-operation are complementary to each other. The process of moralization keeps constantly abreast of individualization and socialization. As the man becomes more of a man and society becomes more social their activities become more distinctly moral. Primitive man is scarcely conscious of duty. He hears no call to self-examination or self-propulsion. There is no "Thou shalt" for him. One of the horde or tribe, scarcely distinguishable from his fellows, and scarcely conceiving himself to be separable from them, he is a blind creature of custom and impulse. Certain things are "not done," so he does not do them. He does not ask why they are not done, nor whether it might be better to do them. He is, besides, a nervous creature

impelled from within by a multitude of appetites, desires and passions, which he does not analyze nor control. There is often, indeed, war in his members between his loyalty to custom and his personal wants, and the result is sometimes disastrous to him. But it is a war blindly fought, which does not raise the question of obedience to law.

Law comes later, cracking the crust of the "cake of custom." New situations emerge, caused by changes in food supply, place of residence or the infliction of outside authority. The customs become the matrix of the laws, as the freeholder in England proved his title by the entries in the minutes of ancient manorial courts. Once there are laws the process of law-making, law-changing and law-enforcing is set up. Penalties are provided and inflicted. The individual becomes law-conscious. He thinks about obedience.

But he is still far from clearly defined moral distinctions. He has little if anything to do with making the laws; why should he question their wisdom? He knows that some laws help him and some hurt him; but that, whether he likes them or not, it pays to obey them. The great distinction between ritual



and righteousness does not occur to him. A neighbor's property and the use of the wood of a certain tree are alike forbidden. Nothing suggests to him the essential difference between the two prohibitions.

But law is educative. By it comes the knowledge of sin, and of righteousness. It is a tree whose fruit imparts the knowledge of good and evil. The law-making and law-changing processes which after a time come within his ken, suggest distinctions in law-sanctions. He no longer confines himself to the question "How shall I act?" He inquires "Why should I act in such a way?" He discerns that some laws are intrinsically superior to others, and that at the core of all the laws is a spiritual quality, at once beautiful and peremptory. He beholds the conflict of laws, and sees that the lesser are the foes of the higher. To do justly and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with his God is seen to be worth more than the gift of thousands of rams, or ten thousands of rivers of oil.

The stage is set for the entry of the master teacher. Man's self-examination has made him teachable. His attempts at rationaliz-

ing his conduct have made him conscious of the delicacy and elusiveness as well as of the imperious urgency of the problems of conduct.

It is a common obsession of mankind that living is a simple thing. We are prone to prefer the direct and downright, and even the violent and catastrophic interpretations of human duties and solutions of human problems, to all others. We want to cut the Gordian knot with a sword. We want to dissolve perplexity with an incantatory word. Bakounin was profoundly human in his advocacy of "direct action" methods, and primitive-minded people are wonderfully attracted to such teachings. The human race learns but slowly to be patient, deliberate and prudently indirect in its methods.

Living is not simple. Human nature is extraordinarily complex, as witness the psychologies. Forms of human association are infinitely varied and intricate, as the sociologies tell. The interplay of social forces is a never-repeating kaleidoscope, as the histories all show. Why should we expect the answer to the greatest question of all to be simply and easily found.



“To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienations, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers of truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle’s words, “having no hope and without God in the world,”—all this is a vision to daze and appal. . . .

Does it appear likely, on the face of such things, that all this disarray and entangle-

ment, this riot and rumpus, this derangement and turbulence into which we have been born is to be understood at a glance and cured by a word?

Jesus treats it as a problem of utter intricacy and magnitude. He makes the beginnings simple indeed, as is necessary. The child must go to the school. That is simple enough. But after that comes all the learning in the world. A mistake which has been often made, under the influence of this obsession of simplicity, is to think that going to school is all that requires to be done. It is held to include the diploma of graduation and the subsequent vocational application of the learning acquired in the school curriculum. In his own words, to receive the kingdom of God as a little child was but to enter therein. After the entrance comes the training, of which the first lesson is to comprehend the conditions of life, the postulates of good living.

“First catch your hare before you eat it,” runs the old proverb. And Jesus, in choosing a band of men who were to turn the world upside down, must select such as would make his teaching effective after they had

received it. His school was strictly vocational in character. He taught a trade, the trade of fishing for men, of defying governors and kings, of giving cups of water to the thirsty, of striking fetters from the limbs of prisoners, of building indestructible kingdoms. It was a trade not merely to be learned but practised, and practised under the most exacting conditions. It would have defeated his purpose if these disciples and their successors had been satisfied with delicious memories of what they had learned, or had confined the application of their acquired knowledge to the improvement of their personal characters. They were intended to become the most audacious band of dreamers and enthusiasts the world was ever to see.

Accordingly he chose young men, with their years before them. He chose young men of good health, of active and hardy habits, who could enjoy a spell of roughing it and laugh in the face of danger. They were men who would launch a boat at nightfall even though a storm was gathering, and could draw a sword and furiously assault the armed retainers of the High Priest.

Until that hour of sudden desolation and panic, when they saw that he was to be killed, and all their hopes were shattered, they were his bodyguard in the midst of spies and foes, and their panic on that occasion lasted for only a few hours. Physically, they were excellent raw material for heroism.

More important, however, were those qualities which made up the physique of their souls. These qualities are the raw material of energetic behavior, as muscle and nerve are the raw material of bodily activity. In themselves neither virtues nor vices, they are dynamics of both. The measure of the villain's villainy and the saint's saintliness is taken in terms of them. As physical strength and agility contribute impartially to the efficiency of the footpad or the policeman, so do these mental qualities make the villain more dangerous and the hero more strenuously heroic. These qualities are such as industry, perseverance, intelligence, courage, patience, self-control, self-confidence.

To possess these is to be efficient in either crime or goodness. They make equally the capable statesman and the capable traitor;

the good husband and the deadly despoiler of homes. They equip the life-boat crew with greater power to rescue shipwrecked sailors, and they in like fashion make more deadly the foul onslaught of the pirate. They reach infinite rank in God. They are the powder behind the malignant devices of the adversary.

They have been often proclaimed as virtues. A whole literature of the "success" type exists which exalts these qualities as the marks of the noblest character. Parents and teachers, the appointed guides of the young, are apt to stress them as comprising the whole curriculum of preparation for adult life. They are very impressive qualities, for they make a little virtue go a long way. Respectability owes its vogue to the shining exemplars who tithe mint and anise and cummin, and practise a slender morality with assiduity. The portraits of these exponents of vigorous homeopathy in good deeds are often in the popular magazines. They have the field of publicity to themselves, for their antipodes, who practise a little vice in an energetic way, are apt to be shut up in gaols. Many a well intentioned

young man, brought under the sway of their example, decides that his life-plan shall be not to be righteous overmuch, and to work hard at it.

These dynamic qualities of character are not virtues, but virtues are worthless without them. There is a kind of goodness which is good for nothing. Blameless and helpless, stainless and forceless, it is the one type of goodness of which all men speak well. It rebukes none, assails none, provokes none. Content in its own placidity, all its dispositions are just and honorable, but a lack of intensity and positiveness prevents it ever striking one sound blow for the kingdom. The instrument is there, but the driving-force is lacking.

The advance of the kingdom has been enormously delayed by the mistaken picture which the world has cherished of Jesus and his disciples. It has been a lovely picture, full of pathos, like a product of dreamland, the languorous procession of mild-faced, long-robed men from Syrian village to village. Memory, of course, has played her familiar trick and made a romance of it. For centuries it has been visualized as a sort of



operatic tragedy, played to slow music. Jesus has been made the darling of Christendom, but hardly its hero. The disciples have been thought of as a lot of silly and affectionate schoolboys.

The facts were quite different. Jesus was not of the passive type, but possessed that splendid and intense vitality which is the common dower of all the great. How else could he have done so great a work in such a short time? How else could he have won such men as Peter, James and John to forsake all and follow him? He had spent his earlier life in hard manual toil, and was doubtless a figure of physical strength. He was a busy man. Mark shows his manner of movement in the word "straightway." He walked fast; as soon as one task was completed he turned at once to another. He could do without food. He could do without sleep. Given the time, he could sleep anywhere. He was brisk, bold, outspoken, the leader always, the prevailing man in any company.

And his disciples were like him. Without his poise and restraint they too had the same downright and dogged characteristics. They

were a fearless lot, ambitious, loyal, resolute, ardent. Their natural ardor swept them to an adoration of the flaming spirit of their leader. They failed in one hour of panic, but never before nor after did they hesitate or blench. The magistrates of Jerusalem a few weeks after the crucifixion "when they saw their boldness took note that they had been with Jesus."

These qualities he encouraged. We are mistaken if we read into his rebukes of their worldly hopes and jealousy of each other any condemnation of high-spiritedness. It was the misdirection of ambition which he blamed. It was the waste of energy, the expenditure upon trifles of their wealth of anger and hope, which he would prevent. He fed their self-respect. He wanted them to be anything but onlookers at the spectacle of the world, anything but submissive to the wrongs and pains of life. We are amazed at these peasants dreaming of world-power, but it is only the natural, if mistaken, consequence of the estimate Jesus taught them to set upon themselves.

He fed their self-respect. He stimulated their anticipations of greatness. He encour-



aged them to dream of eminence and power, while he would save them from vanity by including an expectation of hardship and violent death. Not thrones but scaffolds were to be their fate, but not before they had proven themselves the equals and the dreaded adversaries of kings and governors. Part of their glory was to consist in their being hated of all men. In the end they were to defeat their high-placed enemies.

In his quiet talks with the twelve he is constantly suggesting the importance of the position they are to occupy. He is familiarizing their minds with audacious conceptions of themselves. He is disclosing to them their rank among the mighty. They are not to cringe among servitors, nor gape among the humble spectators, as the lords of earth ride past in pomp and splendor. Their place and function is to be among rulers, whether the lawyers and priests who rule the religious world or the governors and kings who rule the political world. If the chiefest of them is to be servant of all, he is in that very adventure of self-sacrifice to be the chiefest. As the beatitudes sound a more imperious note than any state decree so these twelve men

are to know themselves the personal superiors of any potentate on earth.

He tells them—these few low-born Galileans—that they are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. He warns them against the sin of keeping themselves in the background. He bids them call no man master. But for the most part his method of teaching is indirect. It is suggestive rather than explanatory. His own majestic demeanor is a constant lesson in composure, in self-discipline, in unhurried and unwearied activity. He bares before them his own uncompromising spirit, and appraises and scorns the petty adulation of wealth and worldly power. He boldly speaks words to them which Herod or Pilate would call treason. He tests and cultivates their self-reliance by leaving them occasionally to themselves and by sending them out two and two. Indulgent to excess of zeal he is severe with failure. When they fail to cure an epileptic boy or Peter is unable to walk on the water his censure is severe. On the other hand, when they show that they are grasping something of the magnificence of his purpose, as when Peter declared “Thou art the Christ,

the son of the living God" his praise is extraordinarily generous.

So he lays the foundations of the success of his kingdom. So he develops the human personalities that are to be the driving-forces of the propaganda. If they are to help men effectively, they must first be effective men themselves.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE DRIVING FORCE

Among the morally-neutral qualities of character which in the previous chapter have been listed as postulates of good living and described as the dynamics of purposeful conduct one might have been included which was not mentioned. It seemed to deserve a chapter to itself. For it is not only an engine of incomparably higher power than they, but it is the inner driving-force of these other driving-forces. Moreover it is given unique prominence and emphasis by Jesus. That supreme dynamic quality is sincerity.

“If thine eye be single.” This he demanded peremptorily of his disciples, that they have no mental reservations in accepting his service. They must mean what they profess. Plain dealing, candor, openness and straightforwardness without subterfuge or duplicity—these are to be the credentials

of the recruits of the kingdom. It is their incipient open attitude and clear purpose which permit the ultimate doing of mighty deeds. Let there be a flaw in their veracity, one single spurious ingredient, one hesitation or evasion regarding the truth, and nothing strong or good can ever result. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Every leader asks the same question of the followers who flock around him: "Do you mean it?" He often attempts by the use of impressive ceremonies or solemn oaths to discover any lurking dissimulation or faltering of purpose. When a group of soldiers is wanted for an act of desperate valor in war it is the custom to call for volunteers. The less sincere of purpose winnow themselves out by hanging back. They have not the utter fortitude required for a forlorn hope.

It may be true that it is easier to be sincere in the right than in the wrong, but it is nevertheless a fact that sincerity is often found coupled with baseness of conduct. A man may be wrong and believe that he is right. He is not protected against error by

the honesty of his opinions. Good intentions pave the way to hellish acts as well as to hell itself. Sincerity is no guarantee of truth. Its function is not of the intellect but of the will. It confirms the purpose. It stimulates energy. It may, on occasion, lash its possessor into a fury of violence and atrocity.

All the strong men have been sincere. ✓ Good or bad, almost divine or almost satanic, they have had this characteristic in common. It corresponds in their mental equipment to vitality in their physical makeup. It is the mental common denominator of greatness. There is the same downright outspoken ring in Omar's decree that the Alexandrian library should be burned. "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed," as in Cromwell's "Paint me as I am." The fanatic and the apostle have so much in common.

Sincerity is indeed an extenuation of guilt, but it is an aggravation of the hurt the guilty man may do. As it lessens the blame, it increases the harm. This is true as well of



the lesser dynamic qualities which were discussed in the previous chapter. We think less indignantly of any culprit who has shown himself clever and resolute. At the same time we fear him the more. We despise the vagrant who smashes the door of a shed with an axe in order to steal a few clothes or a little food, while we admire and dread the skilful artisan of crime who outwits a lock with a wire or prevails against the ingenious burglar-resisting devices of a bank vault. We appraise the flavor of a falsehood and scorn the clumsy liar who is tripped on the first keen question, while we pay our tribute of praise to the artistic deceptions of a Cagliostro. We think of the possibilities for good that lie in that perverted nature, and honor the talents which are most destructive.

It is the same with sincerity. No man can sin monstrously unless he is sincere. A conscious hypocrite is always a weakling. His nature is at war within itself, and the internal struggle mitigates his power to injure. His sphere of action is generally a small one, and his misdeeds but petty vices of the flesh. His conscience makes him a coward. He is



like an evil bird which finds himself caged and beats its wings against the bars. He is constantly seeking sincerity, justifying his acts to himself, or else planning to repent and reform. The two-faced hypocrite has been too much honored. He does not deserve the scorn and condemnation which are heaped on him. Sincerity is not the climax of virtue. Only hypocrites think it to be such. It is only the basis of efficiency in virtue.

But the magistrate who thinks he does God service when he beheads an apostle is a man to be feared. The Lauds and Torquemadas have been able to play their execrable rôles because they were unfeignedly sincere. Doubtless the Kaisers and Czars have believed themselves to be divinely appointed, and the conviction has nerved them to persecute the champions of freedom. In the trial of Jesus the stern resolution of Caiaphas shows sharply in contrast with the feebleness of Pilate. The explanation was that the Jewish priest was sustained by a lofty sense of duty, which the sceptical Roman governor lacked. Our Lord very plainly expected that many should be sin-

cerely in opposition to him. They would say to him in astonishment at the day of Judgment "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered . . . and did not minister unto thee?" Their condemnation came to them as a surprise.

This is emphatically true in religion, because religion bites so deep into human nature. The emotions of which it is a complex,—wonder, admiration and fear—stir the human soul to its deepest recesses. It may be no easier to be wrong religiously than to be wrong commercially or politically, but it is easier to be sure that you are right when you are wrong in a matter of worship than in one of finance or government. The correctives are less palpable. The confirmatory thrills—the realness feeling—pulsate more vigorously. The contingencies of changing one's course are more awful.

Religious objects are sacred. One trifles with them at his peril. Many a man will scrap the machinery in his factory without a qualm who will hesitate at changing the furniture of his home. The old chairs may be comfortless and behind the times but he reverences them because his parents used

them long ago. And when he turns from the domestic to the ecclesiastical part of his life this reverential feeling runs deeper still. His devotion is more intense, and his readiness to defend the objects which are associated with his worship of his God is more eager. Religious quarrels are notoriously bitter.

By so much as he feels by just so much is he propelled. Let his love for a person or object be without misgiving and he will fight for it to the death. But if a single doubt of its worth should haunt his mind his arm is palsied. As Jesus intended to commit the fortunes of his kingdom to a small group of men, who must necessarily be of prodigious strength of character, he demanded this initial quality of sincerity. In those dark days which lay between the death of their master and his re-appearance in Galilee, if they could have recalled one single blemish on his perfect character, one hasty word, one unjust action, one ungenerous judgment, could it have been possible for them to have remained superlatively true to his memory? It was the untarnished purity of their recol-

lection of him which held them together and held them true to his cause.

These dynamics of character, like other engines, lack charm. They are wooden and metallic in construction and are to be valued for their usefulness. They are not dainty nor beautiful. They have no harps or crowns, no wings nor shining robes. They remain forever local, commonplace, matter-of-fact. If isolated, for purposes of study, they reveal themselves as dull and tiresome. Industry alone is drudgery, as persistence is stubbornness. Courage is foolhardiness and sincerity is merely outspoken vacuity. One needs something to be busy and constant and bold and sincere about. They are the driving forces of the virtues, making faith more serene, hope more ardent, and love more self-sacrificing. Disconnect them from the virtues, and they are like the steam in the engine running wild. They shake the engine to tatters.

The man whose pride is in his sincerity is the candid friend, the fault-finder, the unkind tattler, the Lord Chamberlain of his friends' peccadilloes.

There is no poetry in sincerity. Were it

to control our lives it would close the doors upon our sweetest and truest experiences. It knows no language but prose. It is stupid about aspiration and romance, and frowns upon laughter and song. If sincerity were exalted to the throne of human life who could ever sing a hymn? Which of us could endure its cold scrutiny as we sang

“Nearer, my God, to thee”?

Which of us dare pray “forgive us as we also forgive”? It knows nothing of the language of passion. The mother, the lover, the patriot, the worshipper are all in a realm far above the level of sincerity. It knows nothing of croonings, ballads, emblems, lyrics. Truth is as different from sincerity as sunshine is from the pencil of light discharged by an electric pocket lamp. It is possible for an empty sincerity to betray a man into despair. He who says “I cannot pray to a God of whose existence I am not assured” will never make the venture of faith.

Sincerity, like all engines, is ineffective out of its proper place and away from its proper work. But in its place and at its

work what wonders it achieves! What a picture of heroic courage is in the derivation of the word "bigot." It was the word of the martyr, condemned to die for his belief. With it he garnished and protested his declaration of fealty to his creed and scorned the temptation to recant. "By God No!" There have been many sorts of martyrs. Some have died nobly for ignoble principles. But they all alike dared to die rather than abjure their faith. They had that defiant strength of purpose. The word "bigot" is the monument of their sincerity. Faced by cruel judges, in prospect of sword or flame, the connotation of the word a history of the popular derision in which their firmness was held, they belong to the glorious band of those who mean what they say. There was no profanity in their oath. With heart and soul and strength and mind they declared themselves and accepted the consequences. They did not shrink nor dissemble, but plainly and frankly owned the allegiance which their persecutors counted blasphemy.

Such are the strong souls, whose deeds never die. Nothing enduring is ever built on a foundation of lies. In laying the lowest



tier of the stones of the temple of mankind's deliverance Jesus sought for this quality. He could not expect the contents of the disciples' minds to be of much value. Only the current traditions and beliefs, the prevailing prejudices and superstitions could possibly be found in them. They were ignorant men and did not differ in knowledge and wisdom from other ignorant men. But they did differ in this, that they were straight-forward men. So Jesus enlisted them, and began to instruct them in the art of turning the world upside down.

The fact that they had been disciples of John the Baptist was in itself almost a guarantee of their sincerity. That stormy compeller of crowds had himself been a transparently simple and downright soul. He spoke the truth as it was in him without fear and without favor. Neither the idolatry of the countryside nor the dread of Herod's cruelty could silence or qualify a single word he felt impelled to say. Like follows like, and these young men must have been of a kindred spirit to their ill-fated leader. Had they not possessed this quality Jesus had never bidden them "Follow me."



## CHAPTER V

### THE LAIR OF EVIL

A crime is always an act. The processes of law are halted at the base-line of conduct. The more intimate region of motives is forbidden to them. They can ask the question: "what?" but never the question: "why?" The apparent inclusion of motive in a subordinate fashion as in "malicious assault" or "with malice aforethought" is in reality an extension of the act. The "malice" becomes an additional crime, and must be shown to have uttered itself in some external act. An aggravated crime is still but a crime.

It is but one instance of the tyranny of the seen over the unseen that prevailing religious ideas concerning conduct are legal rather than spiritual. So it is that most of the expositions of human duty which can be read in print, or have been listened to in church on Sunday, deal with sin as crime.

They describe, accuse, denounce and warn against the doing of evil. Jesus, on the other hand, spoke against the thinking of evil. Who has ever heard a sermon on thought?

It has been left to heresy to occupy the field which orthodoxy neglected. Queer 'isms and 'ophies from the Orient have located there. The most successful heresy of the present day has thriven on the churches' blindness to the importance of thought-control. Jesus bade his disciples look upon their hearts, even as God looks on the heart. But, in our day at least, the fashion is to look upon hands, feet and tongue, in fact everything except the heart.

The contrast between these two methods of estimating conduct, that of introspection and that of altrospection, is vividly brought out in Jesus' denunciation of the Corban. It was provoked by the criticism of certain ecclesiastics from Jerusalem—stiff ritualists all—because his disciples omitted the ceremonial washing of their hands before eating. Such a criticism is entirely in line with the current moral judgments of our own day, except that we substitute church-going, respectable habits and the like for the hand-

washing. In either case the requirement is conformitory to an external standard. Jesus' reply is a counter accusation which carries the discussion into a new territory, into the intimate region where the mind operates. He instances their casuistical principle of Corban, as a case in point. This was a plan, bearing the marks of piety and zeal, which in reality amounted to flat disobedience of a plain command. Corban means a gift. The priests taught that a son by dedicating himself to God might be released from duty to his father. It might seem that this principle is not much different from one which Jesus himself inculcates when he says "Except a man forsake father and mother he cannot be my disciple." The difference, however, is radical. It lies in the truthfulness of the dedication. With Jesus the higher duty supplanted the lower. With the priests a pretence of a higher duty absolved from any duty whatever. It was a bit of spiritual legerdemain exhibited in public, the substitution of a reverential gesture for a sincere affection.

The Corban is only one instance of the sin Jesus condemns. The sin is the basing of

moral judgments on external acts rather than on internal states of mind. An obedience of the lips is not obedience at all. Obedience and disobedience are affairs of the heart. He brushes aside their careful rules for hands and feet and lips and pierces straight to the core of lies which controlled their scheme of conduct.

The greater part of human life is lived unconsciously. The physical apparatus works automatically to a large extent, without any assistance from the mind. The heart, the lungs and the stomach function with equal readiness whether their possessor is awake or asleep, whether he thinks of them or not. It is only when something goes wrong, in case of indigestion, of pulmonary or cardiac disease, that the mind casts a look in their direction.

The same process exists in the other activities of life. The instincts respond to their appropriate stimuli automatically, as the pull of the trigger discharges the cartridge. As life goes on, the habits are formed. Nearly all we do is habit, and habit constantly tends to become automatic. It takes months for a child to learn to walk. Having

learned to walk it soon walks with ease. After a time it walks without thinking of walking. The operation of walking can be started and carried on with a minimum of attention. So the child can find time to learn something else. One understands the claim of the public speaker that he had given one lecture so often that he could give it in his sleep. And one can appreciate the gain to him in having achieved such facility. When he has reached the point that he does not so much deliver the lecture as that the lecture delivers itself he is relieved of a burden and is set free for other work.

The victories of the mind are consolidated by being fashioned into habits. Then they are safe and may be forgotten. Not hidden as in a safety vault, to remain passive and inert, until their owner needs them and fetches them forth; but incorporated into the living engine of the human organism to continue faithfully at work until the masterful mind consciously decides to alter or get rid of them.

The function of the conscious mind is adaptation. It starts things, it changes things. It deals with new situations. It

solves the problems which arise with any alteration either of the human organism or of its environment. It is the possession of mind which distinguishes mankind from all other species. Though we cannot deny mind to the lower animals, there is yet a prodigious difference between the few, slow and ineffective mental operations of even the highest orders of beasts and the rapidity, volume and force of man's mental processes. Whether in the amount and intensity of his desires, the keenness of his perceptions, the fire of his passions, or the steadfastness of his resolution man is supremely elevated above the lower animals. "The mind's the measure of the man."

There is in the mind a selective power. It appraises the various objects which it notices. It chooses what it wants. It sees, considers, debates, resolves. It drives itself to action, to still more vigorous action. It criticizes itself. It controls itself. It is a responsible thing.

It may act wisely, or blunder. It may do right, or wrong. Wisdom or folly, virtue or vice, are alike the products of mind. External acts are only the manifestations, often



impeded, thwarted or perverted, of the operations of the mind. The real life of man, so far as it is meaningful, is the mental life.

It is a living thing, eager, alert, responsive. A very slight stimulus can rouse it into sudden and furious activity. It is not to be thought of, as some have taught, as a mirror which reflects the objects brought before it. Nor is it a calm and judicial organ, which deliberates upon the problems of conduct, and utters its verdicts. The mind never needs to be "made up." Very often it needs to be unmade and made over again. It knows perfectly well what it wants to do, and proceeds to do it without a moment's pause for reflection. Reflection comes later. In a word, man's action tends always to be instinctive. But the instinct may be checked, repressed, overborne or, most commonly of all, turned to another use.

One of the strongest instincts in man is that of combativeness or pugnacity. It has been evolved during the measureless fighting career of the race. Barbarian man was a fierce combatant. Historic man has been no less contentious. The whole history of man is a history of strife, with the possible



exception of the period of savagery, when the human groups were few and small enough to avoid each other. The impulse of every man is to assail anything which hinders him in the gratifying his desires.

It is apparent that this instinct has been of the highest value to humanity. Through it he has prevailed over his enemies, whether inert nature, wild beasts, or human rivals. The type of man which possesses the earth today is the conqueror type. The weaker types have gone to the wall.

It is equally apparent that the unrestrained indulgence of this instinct would prevent any high evolution of the human species. If conflict forever rages, the arts of peace would have no chance. It is because man's disposition to fight has been qualified by his co-operation with his fellow-men that there has been progress. Tractable men who lived in groups prevailed over men whose extreme fierceness kept them solitary. Then again conflict came in to preserve the fruits of co-operation. It has even, within groups of men, increased the amount and intensity of co-operation. So these two processes ran side-by-side, and sometimes helped each

other, and conflict had its uses. But gradually co-operation has displaced conflict. When the race shall have accomplished its destiny conflict will have passed away and co-operation become all in all. The development of humanity may be summarized as the passage from conflict to co-operation.

In such a survey of the process of development we have the key to the transformation which is required in the working of the combative instinct. It becomes unselfish. It learns to fight for others. It represses its individual resentments, and responds to the provocations of others' wrongs. Hatred passes from it, but the joy of battle remains. In the career of Jesus we find him cold to personal attacks and insults. But he flames against those who are cruel to children, who cheat the poor, or delude the ignorant multitude. His instinct of combativeness has been brought into subjection to the lofty purpose which guided his conduct.

So he bids the disciples put away private wrath and private vengeance. They are to agree with their personal adversaries quickly, for their indignation is needed for deeper and holier quarrels.

Another of the strong instincts of man is sex-attraction. It is nature's way of propagating the race. Much of the fighting of pre-human and primitive man was over the possession of women. The defensive armor of such fierce beasts as the lion is adapted to repelling the assaults of rival lions in their battles for the Helens and Cleopatras of the jungle. Very early the human race discovered the superiority of monogamy over all other sex-relations. The increase of knowledge and experience through millenniums served to confirm that judgment, and to purify and exalt the lifelong association of one man and one woman. The instinct was being instructed and controlled.

Each individual recapitulates in his sex emotions the experience of the race. The ideal relation is

“To love one only and be true to her.”

The arena of self-direction lies back of endearments and serenades and soft eyes which look love to eyes that speak again. It is an affair of the mind, of conscious government of the instinct. The essential guilt lies not in adultery, not even in the look of lust, but

in the consent of the soul to the lustful wish.

The human body is said to contain in itself the record of its evolution from primordial protoplasm. Each organ tells the story of its origin and development. Vestigial remainders occur in organs which served their day and ceased to be. The anatomist is constantly reminded of the whole long history of man. It is similar with the mind of man. It is the product of evolution. All the wild days of savagery have left their impress. The cave-man lives in us all, rude, truculent, lustful, vain, fearful, inconstant. A few centuries of alleged civilization have served to smooth and adorn the surface of our mental processes. But beneath the clothes of the gentleman is the war-paint of the savage. The instrument of our self-government, the highest and best possession we own, upon which depend all our hopes of rational living and improvement is a complex of restless and ardent impulses. The vanity of the peacock, the ferocity of the tiger, the timidity of the hare, the imitativeness of the monkey, the artfulness of the fox are all included in the human mind. It is

a veritable jungle of wild beasts, a lair for every sort of wickedness.

Thank God, there is more in the human mind than dispositions to evil. There are also dispositions to good, impulses to tenderness, co-operation or sacrifice, and enthroned among them is the capacity for self-government, for "self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control" which is able to tame these wild and passionate impulses and harness them to the great task of achieving the kingdom.

## CHAPTER VI

### HOAXING ONESELF

“Be not as the hypocrites are.” The word “hypocrite” means “actor.” Who are these actors?

Not those who follow the profession of the stage. This is an honorable calling. Whatever we may think of its dignity, of its social value, or of its reaction upon those who pursue it, there is at least no falsehood in it. It is play, and legitimate play. It contains pretence, but the pretence is advertised as such. It is not a pretence which pretends to be fact. The kings and jesters, the lovers and villains, the heroes and poltroons, who dress themselves in velvet or motley and brandish their swords or their flapsticks, are confessedly engaged in a game of make believe, and nothing more. Jesus is not warning his disciples against the stage.

Nor is he speaking of conscious hypocrites, of the deliberately two-faced. There is such

a class of man, above all others the objects of popular detestation and scorn. All that is masculine and outspoken in humanity hates and despises duplicity. It is generally held to be pardonable in exigencies, as in war or the management of persons dangerously ill. But robust human nature has always loathed the man who lived by dissimulation. In ancient Persia the boys were taught to shoot the bow, to ride a horse and to speak the truth. A Greek poet sings:

“Who dares think one thing and another tell,  
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.”

In English-speaking countries there is no more insulting charge than “liar and hypocrite.” Yet it is doubtful if the class of conscious and deliberate hypocrites is either large enough or powerful enough to deserve so much attention. There are rare instances of gifted and resolute persons who conceal an avaricious or malignant purpose behind fair words and specious acts. Such are the Cagliostros and Pecksniffs. But the conscious hypocrite, as we saw in an earlier chapter, lacks the titanic driving force of sincerity. He is at war with himself, and the



inner anarchy hinders him in making effective war upon his neighbors. Most conscious hypocrites are weaklings. They have not chosen a life of duplicity, but have been ensnared by it. Their sin is not crime, but vice. Their first step downward was unintentional, and all subsequent steps have been a succession of efforts to hide their guilt, or to regain a position of security. They deserve more pity than they receive, for their torment of soul is never relaxed. They are never freed from the sense of blameworthiness and a terror of exposure. It is not of this pitiable class, who are inwardly one thing and outwardly another, and know themselves to be such, that Jesus is speaking.

There is a third class of "actors," more common and more dangerous, who are neither tortured by their own misgivings nor execrated by their fellowmen. They are self-deceived. Having eulogized sincerity, Jesus points out a disastrous error into which the sincere may fall. They may hoax themselves into the belief that they are pious and benevolent, while they remain uninfluenced by truth and uninspired by love. Their own

lives suffer shipwreck, and their influence upon others is harmful. In this class are to be found the leaders and champions of evil, the skilful and relentless foes of those who are trying to establish the kingdom of God.

There is an incisive French saying "Why be a hypocrite, when you can so easily deceive yourself?" Does it seem to anyone that human nature is such a simple thing, and its management so easily achieved, that there is little room for self-deception? Let him consider the intricacy and complexity of his own mind. What a tangle of impulses, emotions, instincts, impressions, judgments, volitions he—and everybody else—consists of. And the whole thing is in motion! It is like some vast and ill-arranged machine-shop, ceaselessly busy, with wheels revolving, belts clattering, hammers pounding and whistles shrieking. Not one man in a thousand has his mental processes under strict control. He is subject to lapses, aberrations, illusions, hallucinations, distractions without end. The fact that so many men believe that their minds act rationally is a conclusive proof of the prevalence of self-deception.

Or, if one wants further evidence, let him

read biography. Only the great lives have gotten into print. We should expect an exceptionally just and sober estimate of themselves from the men who have outshone their fellows. There is no reason for believing that it is not so, and that the famous have been clearer of motive than common men. Yet how few of them have not been mistaken in themselves. We see the whole class of the powerful—kings, priests, warriors, statesmen and the like—striving to enlarge and perpetuate their authority while under the conviction that they are blessing those they govern. The artistic nature is peculiarly liable to the foibles of vanity. The great are usually tricked by their self-love. Very few indeed are great in successful obedience to the ancient injunction "Know thyself."

The average man cannot hope to escape where the strong and wise are trapped. To know oneself, to be proof against the illusory and auto-hypnotic processes of one's own mind, is rarely achieved by man. The extent and harmfulness of self-deception varies enormously, but in some degree, at least, it is practically universal. He who "frees his

mind from cant" is a king among men. If the twelve succeeded in expelling the "actor" quality from their bosoms they had taken the first great stride towards apostleship.

Men are tricked into self-deception by their self-love. But, and here we have the unerring diagnosis of a master-reader of human hearts, the self-love is reflected from the plaudits of the bystanders. "To be seen of men" is at the root of self-deception. It is reputation displacing character. It is respectability posing as virtue. Conventionality is its mother. One hoaxes oneself by accepting the real or fancied judgments of the world. Vanity is the first infirmity of base as well as the last infirmity of noble minds. It is well-nigh impossible to free oneself from the human mass. It is difficult not to feel virtuous as one measures up to public expectations. It is hard not to feel shame when in public disgrace.

Hence the prescription Jesus gives is solitude. Not secrecy, though secrecy may be involved. Secrecy itself is often only an illicit disguise of falsehood. A man may assure himself that he does good by stealth when the fact is that he loves darkness

rather than light because his deeds are evil. The men who were to be as cities set on hills could have no love of secrecy for its own sake. Solitude, to get away from the public smile or frown, and have a chance to take a calm look at one's naked soul—"Shut the door"—"Anoint thine head"—"Let not thy left hand know"—is a prime requisite for self-knowledge.

The loss of reputation has often revealed a man to himself. While friends and fortune attended him he had readily accepted their appraisal of his work. But when they turned from him he came to himself. In that lonely hour of solitude and exile, stung by reproach and slander, the outcast for the first time added up his accounts and learned whether or not his life was bankrupt in the presence of God.

The brief parable of the Pharisee and Publican is an exposition of this truth. As, indeed, the prevalent misinterpretation of that parable is an illustration of it. The average Bible-reader thinks of the Pharisee as a loud and empty liar, a coarse and objectionable fellow, who stood on high and shouted out his boastings in the ears of God

and man. Then because he—the average Bible-reader—has never been so clamorous or so false he takes to himself the blessings pronounced upon the Publican. He shows the spirit of the Pharisee in his hot contempt of the Pharisee. Could self-hoaxing be more evident?

The Pharisee is not a liar or a boaster. He utters his prayer “within himself,” which means in silence. The good deeds he claims are the ordinary good deeds of the respectable Pharisee of Jesus’ day, which is the type he is portraying. He was a respectable and religious man. He was not a rascal, or a thief, or a lewd man. His sin is plainly declared in the introductory sentence of the parable “He trusted in himself that he was righteous and despised others.” Put into the vernacular, it means that he was self-satisfied and intolerant of disreputable people.

He is a public spirited citizen. He is a pillar of the church. His word is good. His counsel is wise and sound. He is a man of business integrity. His mien is that of dignified self-respect. His neighbors respect him, and mothers would have their sons copy



his ways. Yet Jesus promotes over him a dissolute wretch who has just breathed out his first remorseful prayer.

The Pharisee does not know himself. He thinks he is all that a man should be. He is on that account not only wrong but dangerous, and is severely condemned. Whereas the Publican has had one single glimpse of himself as he is, and there is hope of him.

The Pharisee is entirely a social phenomenon. He is the incarnation of respectability. His standards are purely conventional. He lives correctly according to the code of his class. It is not the lowest class of society, but it cherishes no lofty ideals, no flaming enthusiasms. The Pharisee's pose is to disregard criticism. That too is a disarming of criticism. He is meeting, with precision and skill, the expectations of his friends.

The remedy is to "enter into thy closet and shut the door." Get away from your friends' judgments. Get away from the cheering sight of the notoriously vile and wicked. Get alone with yourself and God. Then, with a true standard of comparison, you may succeed in knowing yourself.



## CHAPTER VII

### GOODWILL

We have seen that Jesus located evil in mental states rather than external acts. He arms each candidate for entrance into the kingdom with a search warrant and bids him explore his own mind. It is in keeping with this penetrating analysis of human life, that he demands goodwill of those who are to constitute the brotherhood of humanity. There can be no brotherhood except as its members are brotherly.

It is an exorbitant demand upon human nature. For it directly challenges one of the most powerful instincts. Pugnacity is a race-habit, inherited from countless generations of conflict. Man has been always a fighter. His progress has been often through conquest of his enemies. He has fought for his food, his wife, his clan, his faith, his country, his life. Unfailing readiness to fight has been the price of what

peace he has known. The disposition to fight has become one of the most vigorous forces of his nature.

And man loves a fight. The instinct is accompanied by the pleasureable emotion of anger. There is zest in hatred. It is impossible to say where the work element and the play element are to be distinguished in the conflicts which mankind has carried on. To certain men the lust of combat is the highest joy. Their most dangerous enemy is their "dearest deadliest foe." To others of a more ignoble type scenes of cruel and bloody warfare such as prize-fights, bull-fights, and gladiatorial combats are the spectacles preferred above all others. More refined people have reduced the grosser features of the conflicts, but their football and baseball games are contests, and appeal to the same instinct of pugnacity. Their business life is competition, even to the destruction of the competitor. There is probably no realm of human behavior, however polite or pacific, where this instinct does not vehemently function.

When the lone traveler, driving his camel across the sands, saw another traveler ap-

proaching, he loosened his sword in its scabbard and hailed him with the query "Peace?" So the word "peace" became the salutation of the east, a reminder of the readiness to fight with which man accosted his fellow. The same mental process is repeated whenever two men, even of the races of highest civilization, meet for the first time. They eye each other, appraise each other's force, and more or less consciously form a probationary judgment as to whether or not each has met his equal. They are probably not thinking of fisticuffs or a duel, but of which is likely to prevail in argument, or the judgment of a woman's eye, or in a business deal. It is still the attitude of hostility, the readiness to fight.

This disposition is magnified as it shows itself in group life. The city and the country become rivals. One city is constantly jealous of another. Economic classes align themselves for strife. Races and nations confront each other in arms. Crowd conditions incite it to frenzy. The mob intent on lynching, the nation seething with rage because of an insult to its flag, a street procession in times of business panic or labor

disputes ready to explode into a riot on the slightest provocation, are illustrations of the pugnacious instinct, released from the usual controls, mad to attack its foe.

However, there are instincts of the opposite sort as potent in human life. From the earliest days of the race they have been present, making for peace, harmony and co-operation. The primitive binary partnership of mother and child represents an alliance which utterly excludes conflict. When the man is admitted to the firm, the family is founded, that venerable institution which is still the foremost educational and religious organization in the world, and, in spite of factory-systems, one of the foremost industrial organizations as well. The home is the world's object-lesson in the successful management of social life, where the problem of uniting authority and ministry is solved.

Mankind lives in groups, and every group has its own loyalty. The spirit of the family has been projected into the kindred, the class, the village, the city, the nation, the church, the race, the castes, the business partnership. Even pirate crews and bands

of brigands have been held together by sympathies which enforced honor and comradeship within the group-limits. The man whose hand is against every man and against whom is every man's hand does not exist. Such a defiant and truculent attitude is possible only to an association of men whose courage is maintained by mutual trust. The solitary criminal is a fugitive. Ishmael is never an individual but a troop.

These two social forces, of conflict and co-operation, have been active in the world from the beginning. In spite of their fundamental enmity to each other, they have often been in alliance and served each other's ends. The herd or pack fights better because of its integration, and its integration is promoted by its battles. The empires have been made through wars.

And, all the while, co-operation has been gaining on conflict. The same pressure which impelled individuals to unite their energies in groups has impelled the groups to merge themselves into larger groups. With the increase of knowledge and the widening of experience men have grown in tolerance. The realm in which the "con-

sciousness of kind" has ruled has extended its borders. Custom, ceremony, religion and law have restrained violence and savagery. The average man has grown less fierce. Layer by layer a deposit of conciliatory habits has covered the raw and ebullient impulses of pugnacity, imprisoning them and forcing them to inaction and slumber. These conciliatory habits descend by social heredity, increasing in strength from generation to generation. And though occasionally some cataclysm cracks and pierces the walls of the stronghold, and the instinct blazes forth in fury and destruction, it is sooner or later driven back into custody, while its captors take counsel how to seal it up more securely. The future belongs to brotherhood. ✓

One of the major causes of hatred is fear. The worm turns. The bigger the dog the better-natured. The brave are the chivalrous.

In all its forms, from worry to terror, fear is close to anger. It may retard the expression, and prevent the attack, but it stimulates the emotion of hatred. The mouse hates the cat. Every nation hates most its most pow-



erful enemy. It is notorious that in the strained relations between creditor and debtor, it is the man who owes the debt, the wrong-doer and not the wrong-sufferer, who is most bitterly incensed. The strong can afford to be tolerant, and contempt is no barrier to generosity. But the shrinking soul is driven back on "envy, malice and all uncharitableness."

Germany, in the hands of a military despotism, prints in every child's primer the question "What is your fatherland?" and the answer "Germany, surrounded by enemies." So the young patriot is taught that he is in danger, to the end that he may be prepared to fight.

The propaganda of class-consciousness, devised to rouse the manual workers to the point of taking over the wealth of the world, cries to the four winds "Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains." If they can be persuaded that they hear the clanking of their fetters, the assault upon capital will not be long delayed.

Jesus' gospel is against fear. He undoubtedly chose as his disciples young men who were naturally brave. He appealed to their



love of adventure and risk. Never did he suggest that his service insured them against peril, but rather forecasted for them opposition and persecution. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake."

And he strove to increase their courage. He promised them that in the ministry of the gospel their food and clothing would be provided. He promised them abounding future compensations for all their sufferings on earth. He fortified them with the sight of his own composure in every crisis and conflict.

The opposite of fear is faith, and faith in action. Because Jesus believed that it was possible for any man—though poor, though old, though beset by illness, though persecuted and shamefully treated—to live victoriously, he dared to launch this precept of goodwill in the midst of a world of men, where worry and disquietude, terror and dismay are more plentiful than fish in the sea. He who fears God fears nothing else; and he who serves God overcomes all things.

Another hindrance to goodwill is a low appraisal of human values. To love is to admire. To be fond is to be proud.

It shows how deeply moral distinctions bite into human nature when we observe that hatred can never admit the virtue, nor fondness the vice of its object. Shylock or Iago can no more admire Antonio or Othello than a mother can agree that the jury which hangs her son has given a just verdict.

The converse is equally true. It is impossible to like where one does not admire. Romeo rhapsodizes over the beauty of Juliet, who responds in the same key. Hunchbacks are not loved save by those who, for some reason, can look upon them with pride. It is possible then that the deformity gives piquancy to the affection, as exalting the superiority of his other parts. So Napoleon's army called him the little corporal. Diminutiveness in him became heroic.

Contempt may be impulsively generous, but it is never considerate. It has no programme or persistence of kindness. It may toss a quarter to a tramp but it will not shoulder the burden of his wrongs. The slaves were freed by a society who adopted the motto "Am not I a man and a brother?"

Hate labors to convict its foes of crime. Like the spies, sent out from Jerusalem to

dog the footsteps of Jesus, it will employ any means to villify in order that it may ex-  
crate.

The characteristic utterance of hate is the sneer. There is one whole class of present-day periodical literature devoted to the exploitation of the sneer. This is the weapon by which a money-loving press aims to suborn the multitude of the common people, the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" whom Jesus loved. A sneer is a clever saying and so bears an intellectual appearance, but in reality it is non-rational, and produces its effect, not by pronouncing a deliberate judgment but by stirring pleasurable impulses of hatred. In the foul atmosphere of suspicion and derision distilled by sneers it is impossible to love one's fellows. Even the wretched love of self which persists for a time ultimately perishes, leaving its victim, a suicide of the soul, amid the unrelieved disgusts and despairs which he has brought upon himself.

Against this process of marking down human values Jesus sets his doctrine of the infinite preciousness of each human life. He lifts from the gutter or calls in from the

darkness all classes of society which were customarily neglected or despised. He makes friends with women on the same level as men. He exalts children to a premier place in his kingdom. He goes out of his way to heal the sick and insane. The outcasts—publicans and prostitutes—he makes the central object of his seeking. He points out that God does not discriminate against his foes, but pours his rain and sunshine upon them equally with the good. All men are children of the father.

Back of all his precepts lies the fact of himself. All men share in the nobility conferred on mankind by his having been a man. He calls himself by a title—the Son of Man—which intimates that there are universal human qualities which he supremely displays. He is man's representative and spokesman—the revelation to each man of what he already is in part and which he may entirely become.

To appreciate is to cherish. To acknowledge the essential worth of one's neighbor is to wish him well, to be ready on occasion to help him.

A fourth obstacle to goodwill is a lack of

recognition of human interdependence or the intrinsic unity of mankind. "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by," complained the prophet weeping in the midst of the ruins of his loved city. Jesus puts the same question to men who pursue their own ends and forget the good of others.

His mind continually dwelt on this universal conception. He confined his travels to Jewry but he was sensible of "the whole world" and meant that his gospel should be preached throughout it. His kingdom was not to be complete until it embraced all nations. "The field is the world." Some of his aphorisms, such as "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," can be understood only in the light of this anticipation of final and entire victory.

Each man's welfare waits for the welfare of others. This is palpably true of the narrower relationships, such as the family and the village, where the co-partnership is startlingly manifest. It is also true, though less obviously so, of the wider relationships which include in one human circle races and nations. No man can be blessed till all are

blest. Emerson has said "No man can be heroic save in an heroic world."

It requires a valiant imagination, no doubt, to grasp this truth in its world-embracing scope. It is a rare man who, in the midst of a community engrossed with petty local affairs, can lift up his eyes unto the far horizons of the five continents. He is a seer, and the quality of his thinking is immeasurably superior to that of his neighbors. It is not to be expected that many will suddenly attain to such a vision.

Some indeed may, and be betrayed by their dream. Vaguely they realize the picture with its vast length and breadth, but the details are lacking. It is as if a huge canvas were before them, upon which the map of the world was to be drawn, but it is not drawn. Or only the sketchiest outlines are drawn. The real interest of each individual human existence is not represented. The consciousness of their kinship with all men does not provide the consciousness of their kinship with each man. The conception lacks pertinency. This volume of goodwill is spread out so thinly that it evaporates. They dream and do nothing.



But it is rather to be expected that the realization of the unity of the race will come to most of us gradually. The circle of acknowledged partnership will slowly broaden. Each narrower circle will in turn be a preparation for the effective extension of goodwill to the circle a little wider. Thus the lesson will be learned through experience, and the pupil become steadily more catholic, and not less practical, in his sympathies. ✓

When America was first being explored it was the custom of European monarchs and prelates to bestow huge grants of land upon their favorites. The Pope gave both Americas to Spain. Charles the Second gave half of North America to the Hudson's Bay Company. Such grants meant little, for profit could come only from cultivation. They were at most permission to cultivate. The development of America has been accomplished piecemeal during four centuries. From the seaboard inland along the banks of navigable rivers, hewing trails through mountain passes, fighting the natives and rival claimants, with axe and rifle and canoe, sometimes by pioneers who disappeared into the wilderness to return years later, some-



times by solid colonies set down in favored regions, slowly and steadily the conquest of the new world has gone forward. Farm has been joined to farm, cities have begun as cross-road villages and sprawled into metropolises, state and provincial boundaries have been drawn, highways and railways have been built,—until at last man may fairly claim to be in possession. And as he has assumed control he has set up institutions and social forces by which he may exercise his control. Governments of many kinds, churches, schools, armies, customs, traditions, public opinions,—all go to make the machinery by which his appropriation is made real.

So shall it be with the passion of world-brotherhood. It cannot be attained by empty thought, by an edict promulgated by the mind to itself. If it is to be real and potent, as it must be if it answers to Jesus' purpose, it must come through progressive conquests and colonizations. It will not deny the lesser loyalties, but will honor and fulfil them. The family, the church, the state and the race are each a school in which the habit and

effort of mutual service are practised and strengthened.

It is quite true that each lesser loyalty may stalemate the world-brotherhood. There are some mothers to whom their own children are "darlings" and other mothers' children are "brats." But motherhood presses on, nevertheless, to teach all mothers to protect all children. Patriotism may seem to barricade the highway to the federation of the world, but in the end it rather builds that highway. The patriotisms of today are more catholic than those of a few generations ago. And the design of a League of Nations is the result of the success of national patriotism in keeping the peace within the nations and its failure to keep the peace between the nations. Patriotism is seeking a new birth into a larger life.

The advocates of an internationalism which would reconstruct the world by getting rid of nations will surely fail. The man who trained for the six day go-as-you-please race by riding on the street car and so saving his strength pursued the same mad plan. How can a man who cares nothing for his own townsfolk learn to care for the towns-

people in Siam? How can a man untrained in the difficult practice of living on good terms with all sorts of people in a boarding-house expect to succeed in a sudden endeavor to perform the feat upon the widest scale? To love men and serve them is an art and a skilled trade. How shall one practise it who has never learned?

These four things then, the raw instinct of pugnacity, fear, low estimation of human values, and the lack of a sense of race integrity, appear to be the chief impediments to goodwill. They are great but not invincible. The pioneers of the faith, in every age, have managed to surmount them. The great body of those who, though less intrepid and heroic, yet truly love and trust Jesus, are advancing on the same path. And, farther back, the whole world can be seen to be moving towards the same goal.

It remains to be said that goodwill is an active, earnest, practical, helpful thing. It is neither made of the moonshine of good wishes, nor is it the lackey of the whims and lusts of mankind. "Love is not time's fool." It serves men not that they may please themselves but that they may come to themselves.

Steadied by the conjunction in the golden rule it plans for others the same good as it desires for itself. It will not assist men in depravity, but will spend and sacrifice itself that they may come to the knowledge of the truth. It will not help men throw their lives away, but will reckon any cost as cheap in order to save them.

## CHAPTER VIII

### JUDGE NOT!

The disposition to pronounce upon the moral quality of our neighbor's acts is universal. The inner thought of each of us in respect to another is occupied with the question "Do I approve?" A searching analysis of the reasons for approval or disapproval would generally exhibit them as based on some subtle affinity of repulsion between ourselves and them. But that searching analysis is seldom made. We content ourselves with admiration of the good qualities which we find or persuade ourselves that we find in those we like. And, similarly, our dislikes are phrased as ethical disapprovals. Thus we are betrayed by the treason in our souls.

An enormous amount of human conversation is devoted to criticism of persons who are not present. In kraals and forecastles, in clubs and saloons, on verandahs and

street-corners, the small talk begins with the weather and glides into discussion of persons. Mutual acquaintances, the rich, the powerful, the highly-placed, the current celebrities—all are canvassed as to the rightness or wrongness of their conduct. If anything salacious or scandalous has been discovered about anyone whatever, it becomes the choice tidbit of the conversation.

Let the teacher of a Sunday School class put the question "what sort of a man was David?" or Samson? or Saul? Out of the vague knowledge of the children, impelled by this controlling disposition, will come the reply "A good man" or "A bad man." They are trying to pronounce a moral judgment, without concern for other ingredients in the character, or revealing incidents in the career, of the person named. Thus early do our young immortals conform themselves to the prevailing mental customs.

This disposition is fortified by our concern for righteousness. If we admire what is true and brave and noble, shall we not say so? And if we detest what is false and vain and vile, shall we not also say so? Thus again do we deceive ourselves, for the prac-



tice of moral criticism is one of the chief hindrances to any robust support of the good or resistance to the bad.

Sometimes, indeed, this disposition remains as the solitary and perverted form in which a concern for righteousness shows itself. Forgetful of its own character failings, it attacks with might and main the ethical eccentricities of others. In spite of the beam in its own eye it pulls and twists at the splinter in another's eye. Thus, after muscularization by long practice, it develops the busybody in the neighborhood and the shrew in the home.

The futility of our estimates of the behavior of others is obvious. How little we know about it! We have had no facilities for summoning witnesses or examining them. We have engaged no attorney for the defence, who might have disproved or extenuated the offence. Our verdict is at best a hasty and summary snap-judgment. And we have no means for correcting the misbehavior. We can only think about it, and talk about it. We are as impotent in redressing the wrong as we are incompetent in estimating it. Still further, the solitary ac-

tion we have discussed may not be representative of the person who did it. Everyone has his aberrations, lapses, shortcomings, moments of weakness or passion. Our justice to the deed may be very unjust to the doer. One would suppose that people possessed of ordinary common sense would turn from the custom of debating their neighbor's morals because of its sheer uselessness.

But the usefulness of the custom is not the reason for its prevalence. We are not planning to reform the offender, or to protect society against his ravages. Our careless thinking and our idle chatter are not purposive. The custom contains its end within itself. It is a form of pleasure-seeking. We like it, and therefore we do it. It gives us joy to mess around in other's peccadilloes. The primitive savage which is in us all squirms with delight when he sees his fellow stumble. There is a base thrill of self-congratulation in the knowledge that it is another and not we who have fallen. We expand with the feeling of superiority.

Thus the chief harm we do in judging others is done to ourselves. These others

may suffer somewhat from our hurried and erroneous pronouncements; but the supreme injury lies in our diversion of our own moral energy and the hindering of the service we might have rendered.

Jesus came not to judge the world but to save it. He did not go about blaming people, but helping them. It is astonishing how seldom we find him launching an accusation against anyone. He seems to have reserved his denunciation for those whose position obligated them to be his allies in helping people, but who chose rather to use their authority to oppose him and to hurt people. They are class condemnations rather than personal indictments. The religious leaders are the chief targets of his accusation. To the great majority he showed himself sympathetically, offering to help them, with no hint of disapproval of their lives.

He refrained from judging people in order that they might judge themselves. Sometimes their confession followed his appreciation and generosity, without one word of accusation on his part. It was after the miraculous draught of fishes that Peter cried "Depart from me, for I am a

sinful man.” Zaccheus achieved salvation after Jesus had given him the social recognition for which he had not dared to hope. It was only after a long conversation that Jesus let the woman of Samaria learn that he knew of her multiple husbands. He has only praise for the outcast who poured the spikenard on his head. To the woman taken in adultery he says “Neither do I condemn thee.” His attitude was constantly “How can I help this man? How can I help this woman?” The intruder at Simon’s feast was to the rich Pharisee and his guests an incarnate sin. To Jesus she was an incarnate need.

There is a degradation of humanity in the process of judging their deeds. It treats a man as a thing, for a deed is a thing—an event—a performance—and to judge the man by his deed is to make him an appurtenance to the thing which he did. He is bigger and better and finer than anything he does. His personality has a richness and variety, a resilience and potentiality which no act can reveal. On the other hand a need is not an act but a condition, and engages the totality of the man. A man’s career is a

continuous fusilade of acts, no one of which discloses more than a shred of the man's real nature. But his need is co-extensive with himself, and to satisfy his need is to honor and refresh him throughout.

The recognition of this truth is transforming the administration of criminal law. The apparatus of courts and prisons are being focussed upon offenders rather than offences. It is not the crime but the criminal, not the act but the person who is getting to be considered. The old retributive justice which detected, proved and rewarded an evil act is being changed into a policy of social utility which aims to meet the need of the offender and of the society he has molested. The Juvenile Court is telling the world that there are no juvenile criminals. It refuses to judge; it helps. The Courts of Domestic Relations are employing similar tactics. The indeterminate sentence and the parole officer are the insignia of a policy which substitutes reformation for revenge. The structure and discipline of prisons are being transformed in order that men may be treated as men, and not as victims of social vengeance. From the bewigged judge to

the socially-trained turnkey the human instruments of "justice" are becoming agents of rescue. The mills of justice are grinding a grist more in keeping with the spirit of Jesus.

Scarcely less notable, and more complete, has been the transformation of the methods of relieving poverty in modern days. The charitable efforts of a generation ago were bent on discovering whether the needy were "deserving cases" or not. Except for a few privileged ones, the needy faced an attitude of suspicion and reluctance, with the result that the few crafty paupers received the bulk of the relief while the many, more modest and less skilful at the trade of begging, fared ill. A parasitic pauper class was encouraged until the aphorisms became current: "Once a pauper, always a pauper" and "Pauper parent, pauper child." But now the enlightened relief agency has adopted the motto "Poverty is a social disease, both curable and preventable." The attitude has ceased to be that of the judge, and become that of the physician. Every human being deserves at least to live, to live up to the level of decency and wholesome-



ness, and, if possible, to provide for himself the means of living in comfort and self-respect. So the dispensing of charity, in spite of the sterile criticisms of impulsive people who know nothing about the problem, has become constructive and genuinely helpful. It does not judge, but saves.

Another modern illustration is found in the Workmen's Compensation Acts, which during the last thirty years, have been made law in every civilized land. The common law ran to the effect that when a worker met with an injury some one was to blame. It might be the employer, it might be the injured man himself, or it might be his fellow-servant. It was the province of the courts to discover who was to blame and assess the damages upon him. But the Workmen's Compensation Acts presume, except in the rare case of wilful self-injury, that no one is to blame. The injury is an accident, and the thing to do is not to penalize the offender but to salvage the victim. It is to the honor of the employers of the world that, once this problem of industrial casualties was brought before them, they did

not oppose the essentially Christian solution which the proposed laws presented.

In an earlier chapter it was pointed out that the sin of the Pharisee consisted partly in his self-satisfaction. He "trusted in himself that he was righteous." It also consisted in his habitual pronouncing of condemnatory moral judgments upon his fellow-men. He "despised others."

He was a respectable man, that Pharisee. He was what he claimed to be, a man with a clean and honorable record, and punctilious in his religious duties. The publican to whom he pointed had no such record. He represents the disreputable in society. The upright, proud man, conscious of his integrity, despises the loose and tricky renegade. But his contempt is in Jesus' count against him.

It might have happened that the Publican had returned as good as he got. If we imagine an unrepentant Publican, looking with shrewd and malignant eyes upon the swollen monument of self-deception, conceit and uncharitableness, who stood and prayed with himself, we may suppose him to say "I know that I am not all I ought to be, but

I am at least no hypocrite, like that fellow." In that case the Publican becomes a partner in the Pharisee's offence. He too despises others.

It is the short-cut to self-satisfaction. The feeling of moral superiority can be easily attained by comparing oneself with men flagrantly and notoriously immoral. Anyone can persuade himself that he is swift of foot if he races only against cripples. Anyone can esteem himself a pugilist who fights only with men of straw. "The one-eyed man is king among the blind." The golfer practising his swing beside the tee is rallied by his friend with the jovial taunt "Golf is an easy game if played without a ball." These comparisons are illusive tests, and serve only to cheat us of any true self-scrutiny.

It may be admitted that somewhere on earth exists the worst living man. Perhaps he is some prognathous savage, strong of body and weak of brain, utterly cruel and false and vile; a murderer, a cannibal, a lecherous beast. Then we may suppose a neighbor of this human brute who almost matches him in dissoluteness and ferocity.

Almost, but not quite. He is a shade less bloodthirsty, a shade less villainous, not so absolutely a blackguard and a fiend. He knows a qualm or two in his atrocities. In all probability we should find each one of this precious pair proud of his moral excellence, and basing his self-admiration upon his supposed superiority to the other. The slightly less degraded savage will say "I thank God that I am not such a brute," and his neighbor will respond "I thank God that I am not such a hypocrite."

Thus the two types in any community, the conventionally reputable and the conventionally disreputable, scorn each other and delight in themselves. They are like two gamblers, one of whom cheats at cards while the other cheats at dice, who glare at each other across the green baizes of the gambling table. The one says "I thank God I don't cheat at dice." The other says "I thank God I don't cheat at cards."

A wolf in sheep's clothing is an ugly beast. So is a wolf in his own natural coat. But it is possible, through this process of judging others, for each to exult in his own virtue.

"But!" This is the talismanic word

which saves so many of us from self-knowledge, self-condemnation and repentance. It erects a barricade against the force of example. Except for it resistless tides would sweep in upon us from the lives of good men and women which would shame us into imitation. Their patience, generosity, valor, purity, and self-sacrifice would carry us from our moorings in the shallow waters of mean and selfish conduct into the wide ocean of heroic adventure and lofty experience. But we stop the inflow of these tides with a "but." We know that man to be nobly generous *but* he is not quite orthodox in his opinions. That other man is sternly upright *but* he has a cold handshake. Another is a pattern of industry *but* he falters a trifle in courtesy. That woman is perfect *but* she talks too much. Or, she is active in all good works *but* we wonder if her house is well swept. Thus our unflagging resolution to justify ourselves at the expense of others seeks and finds a way.

No speaker ever spared the disjunctive conjunction like Jesus. His foes said of him "*but* he deceiveth the people." He never replied in kind. He was looking for need,

not guilt. Like Pastor Wagner he "would work with anybody." His methods were free from the spirit of fault-finding.

Unhappy the child that is persistently "nagged" by its mother. Everything it does seems to be wrong because the mother fastens on and exploits the ingredient of imperfection which she sees or thinks she sees in the action. All the rightness of the child's behavior goes unpraised, while the succession of petulant corrections and fault-findings keep the hapless youngster in constant shame and resentment. Now, the fact is that the mother's arraignments are not born of moral enthusiasm so much as of personal irritation. It is nerves, not conscience. She is concerned about herself rather than her child. Her conduct may perhaps be palliated if she is herself ill, but she is none the less an unnatural mother, sacrificing her child's happiness to her own. Moreover, all her nagging will not improve the child's character. No more stupid and blundering scheme of education could be conceived. It is repressive rather than stimulating; without plan or purpose; conducive to anger and disobedience. Yet such



a mother commonly thinks of herself as devoted to her child, and will consider the naughtiness which her nagging inevitably produces as evidence of an innate diabolism beyond the reach of loving correction.

No mother ever nagged her child as the church nags the world. Modern organized religion has little of the respect and esteem which the apostle Paul felt for "them that are without." It is with suspicion, rebuke and denunciation that pulpits and the religious press address themselves to the non-church-going classes. The note of admiration is lacking. Nobility of motive and efficiency in doing good are denied. The church is patently jealous of any virtue in the world, and morbidly anxious for its own moral prestige. Like the nagging mother, it is thinking of itself rather than its ward, and uttering its disappointments and annoyances rather than its friendly advice. It regards the world with dislike rather than sympathy. It has become too much an institution for blaming people, too little for helping them. It has forgotten the warning "Judge not."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE REARGUARD OF GOODWILL

The afterlook of the human mind is a hundred times more significant than the forelook, and often of equal rank with the experiences themselves.

If our social contacts require to be purged of unkind thought, so do their consequences. Forgiveness is the rearguard of goodwill.

Memory is much more than a filing cabinet. It is an engine, with an extremely energetic and wilful character of its own. It chronicles everything, and mislays the records. Only what is constantly called for can be readily found. Memory is less a clerk than an advocate. It has its own notions, learned from the superheated instincts, of what should be kept in mind. It is not docile and precise, but unruly and perverse. It is full of caprice and arrogance, heedless of much that deserves to be carefully preserved, while jealously editing and inter-

preting such events as commend themselves to its volatile temper. It is subject to fits of excitement, and is deliriously insistent that the attention should be kept on occurrences of a sensational and poignant nature. It delights in the transfiguration of hardship, so that what had been harsh in the event comes to be delightful in remembrance. It foment's guilt and shame, churning them to poison, and producing remorse and despair. Its most potent chemistry is for injuries suffered at another's hands. These it keeps in the foreground, placarded in brilliant letters, urging the injured person to rancor, recrimination and vengeance.

Memory has the great advantage over anticipation that it deals with actualities. ✓ Before us is the realm of the unknown, behind us the known. The future elicits wishes, fears, hopes and intentions. These are but the wraiths of facts and derive such substance as they possess from the solid realities of the past. The fear of the burnt bairn is born of his remembrance of having been burnt. Anticipation is the forward projection of memory, shadowy and indistinct. The past rules because it inherits the assets

of life. It has the means to pay the piper and so it calls the tune.

- ✓ As we grow older the sphere and authority of memory steadily enlarge. Memory is nothing to an infant, but everything to a grandparent. Youth lives in the future. Age lives in the past. The intervening years are a process of the gradual displacement of anticipation by memory. The forelook and the afterlook are always together, with the forelook ever waning and the afterlook ever waxing stronger. Old age is reminiscent, because expectation has died. There is no hate like that of embittered old age, maddened because it can no longer hope for revenge.

- ✓ In the discipline of the mind as a preparation for the divine citizenship, therefore, the control of memory must be attained. "It must needs be that offences come" and if each offence is allowed to become a centre of seditious conspiracy against goodwill the high purpose of the master will be frustrated. If the growing power of memory be employed to stir the mind to resentment and malice, the prospect of harmonious co-operation and mutual service is destroyed.

One of the most imperious impulses in man is resentment. The "touchy temper" is universal. Where it is not displayed the reason lies in its being restrained rather than in its non-existence. Shylock's "whispered humbleness" but concealed his inner indignation. The veriest human worm is keen for personal ease, comfort, recognition and aggrandizement. Opposition rouses his enmity. Scorn or derision outrages his vanity. A breath of disrespect, a word of disparagement, a gesture of disapproval,—the merest hint of disdain or rebuke is enough to lash his volcanic self-love into fury.

There is an incredible subtlety in ill-will. It may be born of wrong done as well as of wrong suffered. When debtor and creditor fall out, because the loan is unpaid, the delinquent is more bitter than the man he cheats. "Loan oft loses both itself and friend."

Ill-will is capable of lofty and stern moral indignation. It is always accusing its enemy of sin, and claims that its anger is not because of a personal affront but because of disinterested enthusiasm for virtue. It can

twist anything into an additional reason for hate. It can reinforce itself with piety, and even distil the divine precept of mercy into a new justification of their wrath. Men have said "I will forgive, but never forget." "Forgive! how many will say forgive and find a sort of absolution in the sound to hate a little longer."

Ill-will is a thrilling mental experience, bringing the delight of vivid dreams to many whose lives are otherwise tame and dull. There is a grim pleasure in the occupation of Tam O'Shanter's dame "nursing her wrath to keep it warm." There is truth in the expression "dearest, deadliest foe." Ill-will anticipates in fancy the unholy glee of triumphant hate when its victim shall have fallen into its clutches. It becomes an absorbing passion, with power to exclude from the field of interest the mass of the trivial cares and responsibilities of ordinary living. No less than charity it "covers the multitude of sins." To hate fiercely is to throw down the tools of life and enter a playhouse where the curtain is rolled up on scenes of a violent and lurid drama wherein the spectator exults over his enemies. Ill-



will becomes a vice of intoxication, and like unrestrained indulgence in strong drink or narcotic drugs, hurries its victim to his utter ruin.

Jesus commonly discusses moral problems from the standpoint of the subject of the action. When the widow cast her living into the treasury he points to the reaction of her gift upon herself. It is the fate of the rich man who would build his greater barns rather than any other consequence of his enrichment and selfish folly, that he points out. The case of the parable of the good Samaritan is the vindication of his right to be called a neighbor.

This method is peculiarly pertinent to the discussion of ill-will, because it so seldom issues in vengeance. There are a thousand angry thoughts for every angry word and a million for every angry blow. Thus, lacking a discharge which might afford relief, it continues to pile up torrential floods of fury behind the barriers of the mind. Repression does not mean suppression, but prolonged and intensified anger. The fires rage the more that they do not escape. An insult rankles more after years have passed. It

finds fuel in suspicions and its own thwarted desires to feed the hungry flames. So the hater becomes his own victim, and transfixes his own soul with the darts which he does not launch at his foe.

Ill-will fastens on the weak and hard-pressed. Strong and prevailing persons may be generous and magnanimous, while the timid and beleaguered become the prey of their spites and jealousies. Ill-health becomes ill-humor, and ill-humor becomes ill-will. A bodily defect or deformity may become a grievance against one's fellows. So Shakespeare pictured Caliban and Victor Hugo the hunchback of Notre Dame. A disordered liver or a sleepless night speed up angry memories. The strains and stresses of life foster hate.

Irritation personalizes its grievance. Pain does not strike out blindly but on the principle "wherever you see a head, hit it." Few friendships can endure the test of prolonged and enforced intimacy in the midst of hardship. Let the flour and bacon run low as a pair of prospectors return from a fruitless hunt for gold and they are likely to quarrel. Or, if their mutual peril holds them together

each is accusing the other in his thoughts. Their sufferings inevitably tend to discharge themselves at a personal target. This is the explanation of many an unhappy marriage, when poverty or ill-health makes life a burden. They that are whole, in body, mind and estate, find it less difficult to be friendly. But distress and defeat bring the surly temper.

However, though individual dislikes are sometimes fierce and bitter, it is in larger realms that ill-will becomes a potent and fateful force. The crowd mind is less controlled, less rational and more intense in its aversions and rancors than any individual mind, outside of the ranks of the insane.

In the paroxysm of crowd impulsiveness there are no limits to fury. Woe to the victim of a mob! The mind recoils from the fiendish cruelties and sickening horrors which the mad rage of a mob may perpetrate. A mob has been called a wild beast, but that is to slander the beasts. For sheer immitigable ferocity, for monstrous and pitiless hate, for deeds of shame and horror, neither the viper nor the tiger can vie with a mass of human beings inflamed by hate.

But such spasms of malignity, though unimaginably abominable, are of less consequence than the steady and enduring forces of hatred which set race against race, nation against nation, caste against caste, class against class and party against party. Ill-will is marshalled on the grand scale, and every significant boundary in the grouping of the human race is a frontier where hostilities prevail. Every variation in mankind is a cause of offence, whether it be in color, speech, religion, race, fortune, taste, education or calling. It would almost seem that a group must have its enmities in order to exist.

It is well known that conflict is the mother of harmony. The common peril banded men together. They united in order to survive, for their only alternative was to perish separately. Thus the inner loyalty and the outer antagonism grew together. Harmony, in its turn, became the mother of conflict. To love one's neighbor and to hate one's enemy seemed to be one and the same thing, and the hatred of one's enemy was taken as a proper measurement of the love of one's neighbor. So the citizen who most violently

hated the national enemy was counted the greatest patriot, while the citizen who spoke a kind word for them was suspected of treason. Thus it continues, and the group-spirit rejoices in its hates. All the cheap and dubious forms of loyalty excel in hate. When passion overthrows reason, or the commercial motive is in the saddle, loyalty bursts into flame. Then patriotism derides every flag but its own. The white man hates the black man. The Protestant rejoices in any calamity which visits the Catholics. Political partisans believe the worst of and hope the worst for the rival party. Such names as "dago," "sheeny," "wop" and "mastagonian" become current. Members of the privileged class brand labor movements as the work of "agitators," while the working-classes respond by assailing "profiteers" and consider their employers to be their foes.

Such is the extent and such the intensity of group-hatreds. One might despair of the victory of love in a world so divided by suspicions and enmities, were it not that loyalty, which is a form of love, dwells in every group-hatred. It is the nature of love

to extend her sway. The mother heart, which in a primitive bosom cares only for her own child, will in time regard every child with affection. Patriotism is destined to become international. The race-feeling will develop into the consciousness of a human destiny. Political parties have often joined hands when faced by a national crisis, and have but to discover that the career of a nation is an uninterrupted crisis to free themselves from their frivolous rivalry.

Jesus puts forward three considerations as impinging upon the hate-habit. First, the hurt to the one who hates; second, the efficacy of the golden rule; and, third, the impetus of a magnanimous purpose.

He graphically describes the development of the catastrophe into which the man plunges himself who will not agree with his adversary. There is a rapid and disastrous succession of which the steps are officer, judge, prison, impoverishment. He meant to injure his foe but has succeeded rather in injuring himself. The recoil of hate is more damaging than its discharge, for the missile may miss its target but the recoil assuredly strikes home. In a modern battle not one



bullet in a thousand hits a foe. But every pull of the trigger is felt on the shoulder of the marksman. Now hate is a rifle with a shock-magnifying mechanism. It kicks back with a stronger force than the explosion.

To change the figure, hate is a passion in the blood. It kills mirth. It drains off energy. It upsets the balance of the judgment. If carried far enough, it tears the nerves to tatters. It erects a barrier against every form of noble behavior. It exhausts its possessor, as a rule, long before it harms its object. A hating man is a man unmanned.

Second, one must forgive in order to be forgiven. The Ruler of the Universe protests "I will have mercy." Religion is a matter of conduct, and the unforgiving forfeit the favor of God. There is no peace for the revengeful.

The test of religion is one's behavior to his fellowmen. It is necessary to insist on this primary truth because man is so reluctant to part with his beloved sins. He will substitute anything for obedience to the divine law. So orthodoxy is often made the test. Ceremonial, too, which is the more

seductive as it involves obedience of a kind—correctness of deportment in the divine presence rather than obedience to the divine commands.

It becomes less difficult to forgive as one realizes that he himself requires to be forgiven. He does not, in point of fact, stand before his enemy as a figure of wisdom and virtue, outraged by some deliberate, unprovoked and inexcusable attack. The facts do not square with such a picture. The relation between himself and his foe is not that of innocence assailed by malignity. It is that of one weak and fallible human creature whom another weak and fallible human creature has blundered into offending. It is very easy to injure another. It is very easy to get injured. People jostle each other in the crowded world. They speak heedlessly of each other. They are betrayed by their own misunderstandings. They are the victims of circumstances.

The whole thing is petty and pitiable, and no one is so sure of himself, so steadfastly upright and self-controlled, but that he may at any time step on another's toes or get his own trodden upon. "Consider thyself!"

How many things you have lightly said about your neighbor which you would not have said in his presence! How amazed and sorry you would be that he should happen to hear of them and flame into wrath! Yet most of the spites and grudges which afflict humanity are of this sort, careless and trivial expressions which were as lighted matches which unfortunately fell into gunpowder. The offences men commit are seldom worth resenting. A wise man would toss them into the waste basket.

Third, the exhilaration of a magnanimous purpose. Like Nehemiah, he is doing a great work and cannot come down. For goodwill is an enthusiastic passion, and is negligent of trifles.

In the programme which Jesus prescribed for the man whose brother has sinned against him the key phrase is "If he will hear thee thou hast won thy brother." The motive behind these successive approaches to the brother is not the desire of vengeance but the desire of reconciliation. The object is not to humiliate him but to restore him. It is love, not anger, which is to send the injured one three times to the brother who

had wronged him. Resentment is expelled by goodwill.

So Paul rejoiced when the gospel was preached through contention, because the gospel was so much dearer to him than his own pride. So Lincoln, when a popular general treated him discourteously, said, "I will hold McClellan's horse if he will only win a battle." So Sir Walter Raleigh, when an angry young man spat in his face, calmly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, saying "I cannot wipe your blood from my sword as easily as I can wipe this stain from my face."

The disciples were to be so busy turning the world upside down that they would have no time for resentments. Such petty feelings might be left to those who had not known the sweep and lift of a splendid ambition. It would be madness to let themselves be encumbered and harassed by the memory of dislikes, antipathies, or antagonisms. They were to pass them by, in the momentum of their progress, as an eagle might pass the gnats and moths in his path. One must do great things in a high mood.

If one is to press ardently forward he must forget those things which are behind.

These three considerations are as pertinent to the hatreds of groups as of individuals. It is not by dissolving the group that deliverance is to come. It is by the redemption of the group. The cure for intolerance in patriotism is not, as some think, to substitute a wide and vapid cosmopolitanism. It is to recognize that one's nation lives in the sight of God. It is precious and valuable and should be saved from the degeneration which intolerance produces. It is a member of the family of nations and, on occasion, sins against its brother states. It is called to a noble destiny, to bless the world rather than curse it. It is unworthy of a noble people that it should cherish grudges. To be great is to be magnanimous.

There is no group but has a mission. Otherwise it is unfit to live. Christian thought has been slow to discover that the same obligations apply to people in association as to people in separation. A city, a trade, a race, a party may sin or do righteously, love, hate, admire, envy, fail, succeed, live or die. Its corporate life is a fact, and

fits into the scheme of human affairs. Capernaum as a whole dwelt in Jesus' thought, as did Jerusalem, or the Sadducees, or the scribes. The problem of the human race cannot be understood except in terms of human classes and societies. They too must learn to practice goodwill and cast out hate.



## CHAPTER X

### THE MODERNITY OF JESUS

Jesus was a modern. He fits into the life of the world at the present time. Our interest in him is not that of the historian or the antiquarian. It is that of the client. We go to him for advice, as being an expert in respect to the problems which we are facing in ignorance and dismay. His words have no far-off sound, as having been suited to men of ages and conditions remote and alien from our own. He stands among the other moral teachers who lived in the past as in his lifetime he stood among the scribes and lawyers, speaking with an authority which is born of the immediate and palpable truth of his words. The scribes were constantly referring to the "authorities." They fed on precedents, and gorged themselves with proof-texts. Yet the people felt that Jesus with his "I say unto you" spoke "with authority and not as the scribes."

There is a type of modernity which consists in displaying the latest fad, in an immediate and hasty conformity to the newest and oddest freaks of fashion and convention. It may be a Parisian bonnet, or a new word of slang, or an adventurous accessory of a motor-car, or a religion recently imported from Asia. The devotees of novelty are found in every grade and class in the Occidental world. To them "up-to-date"-ness is the convincing quality. It matters little what else anything lacks so long as it has the prestige of newness. They love the unfamiliar exaggerations of familiar things. Neither Jesus nor any other man of character and force who ever lived was of this volatile and frivolous type.

The modernity of Jesus may be viewed in three aspects. First, in respect of the timelessness of his character, wherein he belongs to all ages. Second, in respect of the timeliness of his character, wherein he belongs to each age. And, third, in respect of the peculiar fashion in which he fits into the life of this present age.

It can be claimed for Jesus, as for no other who ever lived, that he is the race-type,

in whom are found, in just proportions, all the human qualities. He is man at his highest and best, man as he should be, the solitary supreme flowering of the multitudinous seed of the original woman. He is the embodiment and synthesis of all the variant individuals who have wandered and fought and jested and suffered and died since man distinguished himself from the apes and embarked upon the career which has made him the master of his planetary home. He is the fulfilment of the promise which lay behind the erect posture, the dynamic instincts and the lordship of the brain.

One measure of greatness is scope. Some famous men have been narrow and intense. They owe their celebrity to something local and partial. They fitted some crisis as a key fits a lock. Nothing remains from them but the memory of some opportune deed. Their "crowded hour of glorious life" was self-contained. They belonged to one place and one time. They had their day and ceased to be. But larger greatness renders some service which overflows into other lands and ages. It is not a splash in a pool, but the bursting forth of a spring. Moses' place in

history rests upon the ten commandments and not upon the exodus from Egypt.

That is why the men of the highest rank have been the founders of religions. They dealt with universal themes. They spoke to the generations which were to follow as well as to their own. The foremost names in history are Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, Jesus. They are the suns which light the lives of men and beside them the Alexanders and Napoleons are as nothing.

The sharpest cleavage in the unity of mankind is that of sex. The next sharpest is that of race. Both distinctions are transcended by Jesus.

"In him is neither male nor female." So plain and far-reaching are the differences in character between men and women that they are generally accepted as basic and final. Two ideals are exalted, the masculine and the feminine. Their separateness is woven into language, and becomes a staple ingredient of thought. Man is held to be the active spirit. His glory is his courage, his enterprise, his ability to prevail. The exaggeration of these qualities is easily pardoned in a man. He may be harsh, curt, exacting,

domineering and even brutal if only he conquers his rivals. But a hint of cowardice condemns him. Woman, on the other hand, is held to be the passive spirit. Her glory is her tenderness, her patience, her willingness to sacrifice herself. She may be timid and inconstant without shame. But all coarseness and cruelty are forbidden her.

Thus the presumption is that strength and tenderness are naturally alien to each other, and that to possess one is to lack the other. A man of tenderness runs the risk of being thought womanish and therefore unmanly. A woman of resolution is apt to be thought mannish and therefore unwomanly. But the wonder of the greatness of Jesus is that he unites in matchless harmony the qualities of strength and tenderness. No man ever possessed greater courage. No woman ever possessed deeper sympathy.

Perfection lies at the goal of life and not at its starting point. And perfection is the same for men and women. A perfect man and a perfect woman would have the same qualities of mind. There are not two ideals of conduct but one. Husband and wife, brother and sister, may be unlike each other,

complementary to each other, contrasted in many vital elements of character, yet, as they mature in grace and knowledge, they become less unlike. They are moving along separate but converging paths toward the same goal. Each may strive and pray and hope to become like Jesus.

“In him is neither Jew nor Gentile.” Very much has been made of race in recent world-politics. One exaggerated “stock breeders” theory would make it the sole determinant of history. Like sex it marks radical and persistent divisions in humanity. One race does differ widely from another and manifests its difference in many ways. The bodily differences of color, shape, stature and physiognomy are matched by mental differences of temper, taste, intelligence, desire. It was long held that the races of mankind were so diverse that they could not have sprung from a single stem. And, now, since the doctrines of evolution have overthrown that conception, it has come to be believed that they can never be harmonized. Thus the present diversity casts its shadow, either backward or forward. But it is impossible to find anything in Jesus which is



peculiarly racial. His catholic spirit belongs as readily with a Saxon or Teutonic group as with a Semitic group.

In the truest sense, he was a citizen of the world. Nineteen hundred years have vindicated his self-chosen title "The Son of Man." Paul's assertion that in him is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, has today the authority of a fulfilled prediction. He was born of Jewish parents, but the peculiar quality of the Jew was not in him. He was an Oriental, but his greatest successes have been in the Occident. At the World's Parliament of Religions Mazoomdar asserted that Europe and America were incapable of comprehending their Christ. But it has been Asia which has rejected him, during many centuries.

The victories of missions in modern days testify to the many-sided character of Jesus. The seed of the gospel sprouts in any soil. "The field is the world." Races which have inherited an ancient culture, who cherish learning, debate philosophies and luxuriate in poetry set about adjusting their creeds in harmony with his gospel. Other races, whose spirit is practical and enterprising,

discern and admire his energy, resolution and sagacity. The weaker races warm to one who helped those who could not help themselves. The universities of Cairo and Calcutta discuss his ethics and the shivering Tierra del Fuegian reads his daily chapter in the shelter of his sealskin hut. No horde or tribe of barbarians or savages have been discovered who have proved unresponsive to the message he delivered to mankind.

It may be expected that the Christianization of the world will mean the fuller interpretation of his character. One nation sees where another has its blind spot. Theology will be enlarged and enriched by the contributions of Christian thinkers of every tongue and type. We shall not know our Master until all the world has told what it has learned of him. We shall have to wait until all kindreds and languages and peoples shall have cast their crowns before him in order to comprehend the fulness of his majesty.

The great things of human life are the common inheritance of mankind. The variations are small, the identities large. The chasms which yawn between the most divergent human types are not abysmal and

bridgeless. They are narrow compared with the gulfs which stretch between man and any other species. Rural and urban, primitive and fin-de-siècle, men of the age of Semiramis and men of the age of Darwin and Edison, are not far apart. Scratch the most cultivated gentleman and you find a savage.

“Judy O’Grady and the colonel’s lady  
Are sisters under the skin.”

The original instinctive dower of each of us is nearly equal. The great chambers of the unconscious, where most of the functioning of life is carried on, for nine-tenths of human nature is submerged, do not reveal the sharp inequalities which catch our attention in conscious living; and these inequalities of conscious life, significant as they are, are born of social heredity as much as of biological heredity. It is not incredible that a man should arise who might deserve the title Son of Man, a man broadly human, exhibiting the excellences and devoid of the defects of every race. Such is the claim made for

Jesus. He incarnated the race-soul of humanity.

It is a common characteristic of even the lesser great among men that they combine opposite features of character. They are practical mystics like Cromwell, or poets and men of business like Shakespeare, or soldiers and philosophers like Marcus Aurelius. The myriad-sided mind of Jesus unites seemingly antagonistic abilities and tendencies in the most startling fashion. Thus he has always been to his followers at once master and servant, the royal ruler and the helpless victim. Thus Nietzsche can accuse him of founding a slave-morality and Ferrero declare that he was insane with megalomania. With the same voice he said "I and the Father are one" and "I am meek and lowly of spirit."

Because he belongs to all ages he belongs to each age. This statement may appear to be a mere platitude, but it is much more. The timeliness of Jesus flowed from his timelessness. The pertinacy of his message came from its catholicity. He was free from the ailment of anachronism, from which

every human institution and most human personalities suffer grievously.

He gave himself to the day he lived in. He respected the past less than the present. In the frankest way he entered into the lives of his contemporaries. He revered the past, but refused to submit to its traditions. His hopes pointed to the future, but he did not discount the present for posterity's sake. In the frankest and fullest fashion he accepted and made the most of the place and time in which he lived.

This trait is startling in a religious teacher. For religion is the most conservative thing on this memory-haunted planet. Because the appurtenances of religion are sacred men preserve and revere them. A favorite word in religion is old—the old book, the old religion, our father's God. But the word on Jesus' lips was "new." He gave a new commandment, he pledged his disciples in the cup of the new testament, he called his teachings "tidings," which is news.

It might have been expected that his illustrations and metaphors would have been drawn from the sacred lore of his people.

The crystallized diction of the prophets and psalms lay ready for his use, each symbol weighted with solemn suggestion for his hearers. But he did not turn to the Old Testament for his tropes and similes. He found them all about him. In the foremost place he put the family, that elementary and enduring group, and twined his golden precepts about the relation of father and son. After that, he took the vernacular words, the familiar scenes, and spoke of merchant, steward, householder, shepherd, fisherman. One can reconstruct the neighborhood life of his day from his parables—the usual occupations, the way justice was administered, how worship was offered and alms bestowed, the etiquette at feasts and marriages.

How revolutionary it would be were Jesus copied by the preachers of today! To translate his method into twentieth century language would be to recast religion's conceptions into the forms of the business life about us. Who will tell men of God by speaking of employer or president, promoter or labor-leader? Who will attempt to enforce the tender and solemn truths of revelation by talking of elections and telephones?



Yet this is just what Jesus did. He was strong enough to cast loose from the accepted sanctities and to confer fresh and more inspiring sanctities upon the common things about him.

He was uniformly definite and concrete. The timeless principles of his gospel were disclosed in their application to the immediate and pressing problems which confronted him. He never shrank from particular applications, and said what he thought about Sadducee, Pharisee, scribe, lawyer, publican or monarch without hesitation or fear. Thus he escaped pedantry. He was a "good mixer." His neighbors and associates were to him "ends in themselves" and not mere preservers of an honored past, or the forbears of some splendid future.

This is authentic modernity. It shows itself in sharp contrast to the spurious modernity, which is only trivial and kaleidoscopic, and wears the show of newness to disguise the fact of its sterility and senility. Fashions change, but the vital fact displayed in the changes of fashion is the unchanging love of novelty. His modernity was not ceremonial, but vital. He was not like some

farmer who should attempt to be up-to-date by renewing the paint on his barn, while he remained ignorant of agricultural chemistry and co-operative marketing. He was not like a legislature which should seek to reform the methods of justice by devising new styles of prison clothes, while the old methods of prison management remained the same.

It might seem that to carry the argument farther would be ruinous to the claims being made on behalf of Jesus. We have said that he belongs to every age, and we have pleaded that on that account he belongs to each age. Dare we go farther and say that he belongs, in any superior degree, to this present age? Would not such an assertion impeach the claim that his spirit was in perfect tune with any other age? Would he not then be convicted of partiality, and insofar as he specially commended himself to the people of the 20th century would he not be shown to have failed to commend himself to that extent to men of other centuries? And would he not then be less than supremely catholic, cosmopolitan and timeless?

But it must be remembered that our age

can be compared, for this purpose, only with past ages. And if his spirit has been prevailing in the world, each successive age will have become a more suitable home for him to dwell in. The human race is in process of development, and with each increase of knowledge and power, is better able to receive and to appreciate its supreme hero. If the development of mankind is carried steadily forward, and Jesus is the incarnation of the soul of the race, he will be always freshly modern, and his life will fit into that of each generation better than into those preceding it.

Perhaps human development is not uniform and gradual. Perhaps it is intermittent and saltatory. Perhaps the picture is "evolution ever climbing after some ideal good, and reversion ever dragging evolution in the mud." Perhaps our pride betrays us in thinking ourselves

"The heirs of all the ages, in the foremost ranks of time."

Yet a *prima facie* case may be attempted, at least, to prove that Jesus is in some special sense and to some special degree a

fellow citizen and neighbor to the present generation.

For one thing, these are the first days of world-wide internationalism. Earlier attempts to unite or regiment the world were confined to restricted areas. Alexander or Caesar or the Popes of the Middle Ages did not attempt to gather China and Australia, Borneo and Paraguay into their imperial organizations. They disregarded the greater portion of mankind. China alone was immensely larger than any of their alleged world-empires. But the political and ecclesiastical statesmen of our day are concerned about every land and every nation. Movements are afoot to preserve peace in every corner of the globe. There are international agreements which forbid white phosphorous and matches, and are rivetting shackles on the opium trade. There is a world-embracing propaganda for preaching the gospel to every creature. It seems fair to conclude that the title Son of Man is more intelligible today than ever before.

A second particular is found in the recognition of the rule of law. This was the message of the 19th century, though the primary

emphasis on this great truth was of a materialistic sort. Now that the battle between order and hazard is over, it is being realized that order prevails in other realms than the merely physical. We are ready to find and obey laws which are above the tests of chemical laboratories. The new science of sociology is at work upon the laws of human association. The development of the race gives promise of receiving such conscious and teleological guidance as our grandparents did not dream of. This is in keeping with the doctrine of the Kingdom, which was the central theme of his teaching. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

A third particular is the prevalent recognition of the basic importance of the economic element in human living. After the extremes of denial and exaggeration which have raged for a hundred years we are settling down to the conviction that mankind must have a wholesome standard of physical living upon which to build its higher life. It is not true that a well-fed man is a happy man, but it is true that until a man is fed he has no chance to be either happy or use-

ful. Very much of Jesus' teaching dealt with the economic side of life. He was a friend and champion of the poor. He fed them, relieved them, defended them. He guaranteed a livelihood to the apostles, as he enlisted them for active service in preaching the gospel. "Your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Man's soul and body are inseparable, and mutually conditioned. This is the dichotomy of Jesus' teachings.

Again, our age is beyond all previous ages one of progress. Not that any great portion of the world is intelligently and purposively progressive, but the idea has caught on, and progress has at last gotten its chance. Now, all progress is ethical, and all ethics is progressive. The increase of comforts is degeneracy unless it ministers to more heroic conduct. The slogan of progress is "Thou shalt." Jesus was the supreme ethical teacher of all time. He cared nothing for ceremony, the eternal caricature and supplanter of moral obedience. The idea of progress is impatient of marking time, of being "all dressed up with nowhere to go." He bade the young man who would postpone



obedience until he had first buried his father to "let the dead bury their dead." He identified the most intimate kinship with conduct, saying "whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my mother, and my sister and my brother."

The progressive temper of today finds comradeship in the spirit of Jesus. He possessed the hope and the courage which belong to progress. As the present age thinks through to the real meaning of progress, and learns by the experiments of its mistakes what true progress is, it is bound to turn more and more to the man whose life was the very breath and body of progress.

Young Hamlet holds up before his mother's eyes the portrait of his murdered father, and says:

"Hyperious curls, the front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,  
A station like the herald Mercury  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man."

In Jesus we have a man, the foremost and highest of our species, the exhibition of the

best that is possible to man, the superb vindication of the rich qualities which are latent in the human race. What a dream for even an apostle to cherish, "We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is."

THE END.



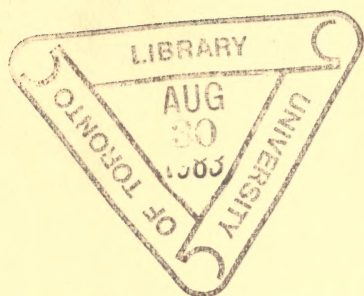












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